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& LOTHIAN LORE

T. RATCLIFFE  
BARNETT

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DRYBURGH, WEST DOORWAY



# BORDER BY-WAYS & LOTHIAN LORE

BY

T. RATCLIFFE BARNETT

*WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS*

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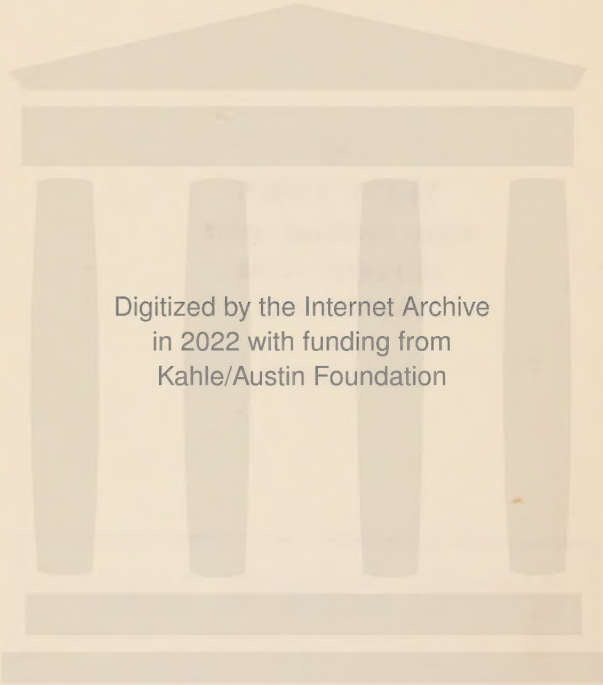
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TO  
THESE THREE  
WHOSE PRESENCE MAKES  
RETURNING HOME  
THE BEST PART  
OF  
ANY JOURNEY

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## FOREWORD

FIFTEEN of the papers in this book have appeared in *The Scotsman*. "The Bannockburn Clock" appeared in *The Glasgow Herald*. The one on "Inchcolm" was written for the Scottish Motor Traction Company, who have not only made it possible to visit that most interesting island, but have done more than anyone else to open up the remoter parts of the Lothians and the Borders to the general public. The two papers on "East Lothian" and that on "Cramond and Barnbogle" are printed in their present form for the first time; the "Dream of Durisdeer" owes its origin to an article which appeared in *The Record of the Church* to which I belong.

In acknowledging the kind permission which has been given me to reprint them, I must thank Messrs Longmans, Green & Co. for allowing me to quote several verses from one of Andrew Lang's most heartsome poems, "Twilight on Tweed" (Collected Poems, 4 vols., 1923); also Miss Margaret Warrender for permission to use some verses from Lady John Scott's "Songs and Verses." I have also to acknowledge to Mr W. B.

Yeats the use of two verses from "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" ("Poems," T. Fisher Unwin), and Mr Alfred Noyes for the quotation from "The Death of Chopin"; to Mr Lloyd Osbourne I am indebted for leave to quote from Stevenson's Poems.

Three photographs have been most generously given to me by Dr Inglis Clark, and the others I owe to Major Clayton. Both of these friends are past masters in the art of the camera.

My only desire is, that others should take to the roads which I myself have so often travelled, and that they should find on them as much beauty and joy as I have found. A book with so many references to old-time history is bound to contain some mistakes. But even an erring Scot may serve as a guide to others who seek to know this land of home which he has learned to love.

T. R. B.

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## YARROW

*Fair shines the sun, green grows, green grows the grass  
Upon thy braes, O Yarrow ;  
Yet, minstrels who have ever sung thy praise  
Have linked thy name with sorrow.*

*The wild birds' cry, the far-off bleat of lambs,  
The hush of Yarrow flowing,  
The old grey towers, the graves, the lone green graves,  
The rose in Yarrow growing.*

*Here no alarm, no clash of war, no strife,  
The lonely hills lie sleeping ;  
And yet, at summer noon, through all thy peace  
I hear a sound of weeping.*

*From out the silence of thy storied vale,  
O pensive, lonesome Yarrow,  
There comes a sound from ancient far-off days  
Of keening and of sorrow.*

*Green grows the grass, fair shines, fair shines the sun  
Upon thy braes, O Yarrow,  
But youth and love and could black death have linked  
Thy beauty with their sorrow.*

*As gleams of hope break through the glooms of life  
To brighten days of sorrow,  
So sunbeams kiss with softening touch, and light  
The dowie dens of Yarrow.*

*Soft flows the stream, fair blooms, fair blooms the rose  
In thy quiet vale, O Yarrow,  
But night and day, the lilt of long lost love  
Has mixed thy peace with sorrow.*

# I

## RIVERS OF ROMANCE

ETTRICK, YARROW, AND TWEED

# I

THE secret of living happily in a city is to be out of it as often as possible. Not that any true Scot could ever tire of the beauties of Edinburgh, but that there is something primitive in us all which makes us hunger for the open spaces of the earth and the glamour of roads and rivers and hills. In this grey motherland we look forward through a more or less drab and drippy winter to the coming of spring, and when the spring does come, with its snell winds and primrose banks, what warmth we do not find in it, we hope for when the summer days arrive. The summer has come and gone, scattering with a very niggard hand a warm day here and there to make the rainpools of yesterday gleam like jewels in the sun. And now autumn has got us in the grips of regret almost before we have realised that summer is dead.

That is why an Autumn Holiday is one of the most human of institutions, for it means that most people long for one more adventure into country places before they finally turn back the hands of the

clock to the wintry hour. So, let us make one last glorious excursion, whether it be a long day's run in a car, two days on the homely old push-bike, or, best of all, a long week-end's walking tour. This time, let it be a pilgrimage to those unrivalled rivers of romance—Ettrick, Yarrow, and Tweed.

Selkirk is the natural beginning, or ending, for such a pilgrimage. For this little city of the Souters, above all the Border towns, sits with its high-set eyes looking into the sunset which casts a red mist over the waters of Ettrick, Yarrow, and Tweed, as they well-nigh wash its very doorsteps. There is nothing wild or impetuous in these Lowland rivers; nothing like the rush and tumble of the Garry and Tummel, which dash themselves in thunder over the rocks. The Highlander, like his rivers, is full of impulse and passion; but Ettrick, Yarrow, and Tweed, like the Border breed, are full of quiet restraint, silent with a strength which seldom lifts up its voice, and deeply steeped in the lore of centuries, from source to sea and bank to bank.

Two miles westward from Selkirk lies the meeting place of the waters of Ettrick and Yarrow, and three miles to the north-east from Selkirk this mingled stream falls into Tweed below Lindean. As we take the road up Ettrick it is a pleasant thing to see the long, low, stately House of Bowhill, standing in the sunshine among the woods, as though this latter-day home of the Buccleuchs had not hundreds of years of fighting Scotts behind it. Across the stream is Carterhaugh, the scene of the fairy ballad of "Tamlane," with Tamlane's



Well, and somewhere over by Bowhill, the site of Miles Cross where Janet waited for the fairy train. Here, too, is Oakwood Tower, where dwelt in the thirteenth century that famous wizard, Michael Scott, whose words had such super-natural power :

The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,  
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone.

This fine old keep was built by Robert Scott in 1602, and afterwards became the property of Wat of Harden, who married the Flower of Yarrow. She was a siccar lass as well as a bonnie one, for when her larder was empty, she placed a pair of clean spurs in a covered dish on the dinner table, and Wat knew then to set his reiving lads galloping over the heather for some other beeftub better plenished than his own. The rooms must have been cribbed enough, for the tower measures only thirty-eight feet by twenty-three, and the walls are four and a half feet thick. But of the twenty or thirty peel-towers which once stood in the forest, and formed a refuge in time of war, none remains so well preserved to-day as Oakwood.

Continuing by Hutlerburn and Howford, where the river rushes through a rocky throat, we cross Ettrick Bridge and find ourselves in the pleasant village of Ettrickbridgend. This is the last village we shall see on our journey, for there is no other rural metropolis throughout the whole length of Ettrick and Yarrow. Just above the village the beauties of lower Ettrick begin, for the river runs for nearly a mile over a bed of jagged rock, and between steep wooded banks. Here is Newhouse

Linns, at the bottom of which is the "Loup," well known to fishers, where many a fine fish has been caught by fly or otherwise. It was here in the autumn of 1831 that Sir Walter Scott paid his last visit to the Forest, when the red tints were making the banks of Ettrick glorious as they are doing to-day. Shattered in body and mind, he looked down on the Linns and the Loup, happy that he could

Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break.

And here he would turn from the river and look towards Kirkhope Tower, that little red, bare, defiant Border keep which holds the pass over to Yarrow.

We now begin the real ride up Ettrick, and as it is a long way to Potburn, at the head of the stream, we shall sit down on the roadside for a little, by the bridge that leads to Ettrick Shaws. It was while sitting here trying to find an adjective to describe the homely, comfortable beauty of Ettrick, that a great Border shepherd came along and solved the problem.

"A fine heartsome valley this."

"Ay, man; it's a far *couthier* valley than Yarrow. I've herded sheep up at Potburn, and never felt dull in Ettrick a' my life. But there's a bareness aboot Yarrow that makes ye feel fair melancholy. But Yarrow has a great name—it was Wordsworth gie'd it that—it's got the name, ye ken."

"It's the same wi' folk as places—there's a lot in a name."

"Ay; either a guid yin or a bad yin."

There can be no doubt about it, *couthy* is the word for Ettrick, as *dowie* is the word for Yarrow. A kindly, agreeable, comfortable, pleasant vale is Ettrick, from Carterhaugh right up to Potburn, with no sense of melancholy. Yonder, across the river, at Singlie Farmhouse, James Hogg, when a lad, served with Mr Scott, and up the glen on the other side lies Dodhead, where "Jamie Telfer" lived in his tower at the foot of Black Rig. One day the English Captain of Bewcastle came and robbed Jamie of his kye. But Jamie followed him with his friends, and not only retook his cattle, but slew the English gentry, and, with true Scots relish for a fight, raided his enemy's home as well. At Gilmanscleuch it is the same—an old story of clash and battle between Scotts and Scotts.

Yonder, over the water, are the two farms which go by a strangely foreign-sounding name—Easter and Wester Deloraine. Old Scots history again, and more than one way of explaining this place-name. Some say that as James II. gave his Queen the Forest of Ettrick as part of her dowry, these farms were named as the lands *de la reine*. Others find an explanation in the fact that Queen Mary's mother was Mary of *Lorraine*. But the name is probably far older than that, for there was an old Celtic Saint called *Orran*, and *dal-orran* means the "Place of Orran." A strange corroboration of this theory is the local pronunciation of the name, which holds in Ettrick to this day, for the people call it Del'orran. But who dare dogmatise? It is an interesting fact about Wester Deloraine that the Scottish poet, Henry Scott Riddell, minister of

Teviothead and author of "Scotland Yet," was for two years a shepherd here.

Stopping at Tushielaw Inn we keep thinking of Adam Scott of Tushielaw, that king of thieves whom James V. is said to have hanged in 1529 from a branch of an ash tree at the gate of his tower. But tradition can often be corrected by a search among the historical records; and Pitcairn, in his "Criminal Trials," records that Adam Scott was convicted in Edinburgh on 18th May 1530 "of art and part of the theftuously taking blackmail," and he adds one ominous word—"Beheaded."

The Rankleburn Glen opens on the south side of the river, opposite Tushielaw, and three miles up this glen is Buccleuch, the deep ravine where the traditional buck was slain. Kenneth III. (997-1005), the story goes, was hunting one day, and gave the Galloway keeper who slew the buck the right to call himself "John Scott of Buccleuch." It is a far cry from the time of Kenneth and the ravine at Rankleburn to Bowhill House down the river, to-day the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch.

Two miles beyond Tushielaw stands the old tower and modern mansion-house of Thirlestane, the property of Lord Napier and Ettrick. Here the valley is wide and picturesque, with the long vale of Tima Water opening to the south.

At Ramsaycleuch and the post office of Ettrick we are in the very heart of Ettrick. It was at Ramsaycleuch that Sir Walter and the Ettrick Shepherd spent the first night of their acquaint-



ance. Hogg was born in a cottage at Ettrickhall, half a mile up the road, and there is now a handsome monument near the site.

A little further on stands Ettrick Kirk, with the White Manse looking out from the trees across the valley. Here we are on holy ground, for Ettrick Kirk is the shrine of the whole vale. Standing with its square tower and ivy-covered walls in a well-kept kirkyard, which is surrounded by great trees, here is a Scots country kirk that never disappoints us and is appropriate in all ways to the place. And among the green howes we find the resting places of old folks, both gentle and simple, who lived their span of years remote, and died as they would have wished, to be buried at last in Ettrick.

You will find the graves of four who have made Ettrick famous — Thomas Boston, minister of Ettrick, and author of "The Fourfold State": James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; Tibbie Shiel; and Will o' Phaup. For piety and pastoring there was none like Boston. Through a lifetime of sorrows he never spent a silent Sunday; and so thirled was his soul to Ettrick that, in his last painful illness, he preached through the open window of his manse to the hillfolk standing in the garden. James Hogg made Scotland sing with melody and the poetry of fairyland. Will o' Phaup, whose stone stands next the shepherd's, was the mighty athlete of the valley, and a shepherd for fifty-five years. How many strong men might envy his epitaph!

Here lyeth William Laidlaw, the far-famed  
Will o' Phaup, who for feats of frolic, ability,  
and strength had no equal in his day—age 84.

And Tibbie Shiel, that most famous of all inn-keepers in Yarrow, whose grave you will find against the kirkyard wall.

Isabella Shiel Richardson, 'Tibbie Shiel,'  
d. 1878, age 96.

It is six miles further up to Potburn, a little farm which stands alone, down in the hollow at the head of the valley. On the way up you will pass the farm of Phauphope standing by a little plantation of fir trees on the other side of the river. Here lived Will o' Phaup, whose daughter was the mother of the Ettrick Shepherd. At this point is Will's Loup, a great leap from rock to rock across a pool which we measured with the eye, but had not the courage to try, and yonder is a course of a hundred yards over which he ran against time every year, as he grew old, to see how much he had lost in the year. Great Will o' Phaup—we take off our hats to you, and wish more men had the sense to keep so fit!

The road ceases to be luxurious for motors beyond Broadfairhill, the next farm; but the true traveller will trudge on till he comes to Potburn, which, despite its lowly situation, is said to be the highest farm in the Borders—1250 feet above sea level. Just before coming to Potburn we get a glimpse of that heartsome green hill road, that leads the gangrel over the hills to Bodesbeck, on the

Moffat road. With another glance at Ettrick Pen, looking down on us from its 2270 feet, we reluctantly turn our backs on Potburn and spin down the valley with our thoughts on Tushielaw Inn.

Having rested there, we take the road again at Crosslee, which leads from Ettrick into Yarrow, by the lonely farm of Berrybush. Having climbed the road to Berrybush it will, with some, be a swither whether they will take the easier road to the right which leads by Altrieve to the Gordon Arms, or the much rougher road to the left, which leads at last down a rather trying hill, to Tibbie Shiel's. Being a wandering man myself, I prefer the harder and the rougher road, for two reasons—you meet nobody on it, and there is always an extra spice in the adventure.

What memories cluster round Tibbie Shiel's famous little hostelrie—with its old box beds in the kitchen and its "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*"—Hogg, John Wilson, and the rest. One morning, when the bottles were empty, and Hogg was still thirsty, he implored Tibbie to "bring in the loch." On the day of this wonderful old woman's funeral men came from far and near to pay their respects to her memory. One man came over from Moffat, and not knowing the way, inquired of a stone-breaker, "Is it far to Tibbie's?" "Ay, man, it is that," replied the pawkie roadmaker, "Tibbie's deid."

Here, between the Loch o' the Lowes and St Mary's Loch, we pass down the road from Tibbie's to Hogg's monument, which stands where he wished it to be, "in some quiet spot fornent Tibbie's." The sculptor was Andrew Currie, who for long

lived at Darnick Tower, near Melrose. What more appropriate line could adorn the Ettrick Shepherd's monument than the last line of his "Queen's Wake" ?

He taught the wandering winds to sing.

## II

### RIVERS OF ROMANCE

#### ETTRICK, YARROW, AND TWEED

## II

PASSING along the road that skirts St Mary's Loch we are in the heart of Yarrow, and may well ask ourselves why Yarrow—this open valley, with the hills that are so soft in outline and so green to the top, should be so different from Ettrick and Tweed. For there is something pensive and haunting in the atmosphere of this storied stream. *Dowie* is the word for Yarrow. And yet it is very difficult to say why exactly Yarrow should give the traveller this catch at the heart. Perhaps it is that the old ballad lore and the local history are “drenched in the blood of love's tragedy”—stricken women who have won love at the great cost of dead brothers and fathers and friends; brave men who have ridden over hill and dale and fought on the green holms of Yarrow for the love of fair ladies; little children crying for those who will never return; the tramp of king's cavalcades and the glitter of queen's retinues: all the ancient sadness and sacrifice of the dim centuries, which remind us of

The old, unhappy far-off things,  
And battles long ago.

Set all this ageless drama of human love against the pastoral background of the serene hills, which are strangely reminiscent in their outlines, and you will perhaps understand why the beauty of Yarrow hurts even while it fascinates. A ballad meets you at every corner and in every grey old tower.

Crossing Meggat Water at the tiny hamlet of Cappercleuch, we are tempted to step a mile up the stream to Henderland, where stood the tower of Piers Cockburn of Henderland, another hardy Border thief, who, according to the tradition, was hanged on his own gate by James V. on that 1529 excursion which meant death also to Tushielaw. But it was not Piers or Perys Cockburn, but William Cockburn, to whom James V. gave such short shrift, and he was, almost beyond question, taken to Edinburgh along with Adam Scott of Tushielaw, where he was tried and executed. To-day at Henderland in a little wood, you will find the grave with its inscription—"Here lyis Perys of Cockburne and his wyfe Marjory." That moving ballad, "The Border Widow's Lament," tells the traditional story in most tragic language: how after Cockburn's death, his wife watched his body day and night alone, and then carried her dead lord on her own back and digged his grave with her own hand:—

But think na ye my heart was sair,  
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair;  
Oh, think na ye, my heart was wae,  
When I turned myself about to gae?



The Stuart Kings had a shooting box on Meggatland, and one August day in 1566 Queen Mary and Darnley rode down Meggat Water and returned to Edinburgh by Traquair.

On the other side of the loch can be seen the farm of Bowerhope. Sandy Cunningham, a tenant there, was returning one summer Sunday from Ettrick Kirk and had just come in sight of his forest steading, sleeping in the sun by the shores of St Mary's Loch. The sermon had been on the joys of Paradise. But Sandy gazed on his home with hungry eyes and said, "Paradise here or Paradise there, gie me Bowerhope," and then, like a true Scot, he added under his breath, "at a reasonable rent!"

But the spot of holiest memories on St Mary's Loch, and, indeed, in all Yarrow, is up on the hillside to the left, where, after some little search, you will find all that remains of the site of St Mary's Kirk, a grey wall enclosing some graves, and a rail-encircled tomb in which grow great yews and box shrubs. Mention was first made of St Mary's in Yarrow in 1275, when Bagimund came from Rome to Scotland to gather benefices for the Crusades. An old, old story now! but to stand here in the silence and loneliness among the graves of six centuries is to view St Mary's at its sad and dowie best. Dream a little longer, and with Hamilton of Bangour, you begin to see this same St Mary's bowered in trees, and the monks' orchards all around where

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock.

Monks and knight-errants, fair ladies and plain hill folks, Kings and Queens and reiving Border lords, lovers in the gloaming, and hardy cattle-lifters—they all met here, and mingled history with poetry, and tradition with ballad lore, until in 1557 we see St Mary's Kirk ablaze, when the Cranstouns and Buccleuchs were clashing swords in a deadly feud, after burning the holy place. Now

All is loneliness ;  
And silence aids, tho' the steep hills  
Send to the lake a thousand rills :  
In summertime so soft they weep,  
The sound but lulls the ear asleep :  
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude  
So stilly is the solitude.

A little further on, up the burn on the left, stands Dryhope Tower, the birthplace of Mary Scott, that Flower of Yarrow who married Walter Scott of Harden.

Then gaze on Dryhope's ruined tower.  
And think on Yarrow's faded flower.

Douglas Burn is the next stream, and here indeed we touch storied ballad ground ; for about a mile and a half up the stream stands Blackhouse Tower, the scene of the Douglas tragedy. Lord William comes to Blackhouse, and carries off Lady Margaret. He springs to the saddle, and pounds up the old hill road to Tweed with his beloved sitting before him. The mother discovers the runaways. She calls upon her husband and

her seven sons to be after them. They overtake the lovers in the glen. Lord William dismounts and bids Lady Margaret stand aside, while he draws his sword. One after another, he slays the seven brothers, and wounds the father, and then rides on. But his own blood runs red in the stream where they stop to bathe his wounds.

Lord William was dead lang e'er midnight ;  
Lady Margaret lang ere day.

Lord William was buried in St Mary's kirk,  
Lady Margaret in Mary's quire ;  
Out of the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,  
And out o' the knight's a brier.

There you have the dowie spirit of Yarrow. Love and loss ; battle and wounds ; death and the old kirkyard among the hills.

Up this very glen James Hogg herded sheep. Up here Jock Scott first recited "Tam o' Shanter" to him, and told him about the Ayrshire ploughman, Robert Burns. Hogg bristled at the mention of the ploughman. "I could tell mair stories and sing mair songs than ever ploughman in the world." And so he did. Here, Willie Laidlaw, Sir Walter's amanuensis, was born—he who wrote "Lucy's Flittin'." All the love and lore of Yarrow seems to ride down Douglas Burn.

The name of Hogg brings us to the Gordon Arms Inn, where Scott said good-bye to the Ettrick Shepherd for the last time in 1830—"Sir Walter leaning heavily on Hogg's arm and walking very

feebly." Exactly twenty-nine years before, Hogg had met Scott for the first time at his mother's cottage at Ettrickhall. He worshipped Sir Walter ; but he was such a simple-minded man that, when Sir Walter arranged a meeting between Hogg and the Duke of York at Richmond Park with a view to a pension for the Shepherd Poet, Hogg declined because that day, July 18, was St Boswells Fair, and he had to be there ! Away across the valley yonder at Altrieve Lake, Hogg lived for years in a new house which the Duke of Buccleuch gifted to him, and the only stipulation which the shepherd made was that " a' the reek should come oot at ae lum," so that when he had a house full of visitors there would be no sign that any but the goodwife was at home ! Up there too, at Mount Benger Farm, Hogg lived and lost money grandly, because he liked poetry and friends and fairies better than farming. It was above Mount Benger, on the Traquair road, that Wordsworth first saw Yarrow, and we must never forget that it was Hogg who guided Wordsworth during his Yarrow tour :—

Where first descending from the moorlands,  
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide  
Along a bare and open valley,  
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

The lower reaches of Yarrow begin at the Gordon Arms, and, travelling back towards Selkirk down this storied vale we keep picking up ballad and tradition all the way. Near Yarrow Kirk, on the farm of Whitehope, we come to the Dowie Dens, where the famous battle was fought. Yon





MELROSE, CLOISTER DOORWAY



two standing stones could tell the tale that no man for certain knows to-day, if only they could speak—but one of them at least has an old inscription on it—"Hic memoriæ et . . . hic jacent in tumulo duo filii liberali." Whatever the story of these two brothers be, or the story of the song, or the cause of the duel, here at least in this hollow we have the traditional site of the tragedy, and to the end of time that quiet "houm" in Yarrow will remain the Dowie Dens.

In Yarrow Kirkyard, close by, you will find the grave of John Rutherford, the maternal great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott. In the old kirk, while the dogs sat with their masters, the shepherds, it was the habit to pronounce the benediction before the congregation arose, as the rising of the worshippers was the signal for a babel of yelping when the long service was over. This was called "the cheating o' the dowgs." The newly restored kirk is a gem of beauty, although the old plain kirks fit the glens of Scotland better than the new.

The scenery becomes more beautiful with woodlands as we descend the valley. Hangingshaw, the chief seat in the old days of the famous outlaw Murray, has always been renowned for its great trees. Here the old road over Minchmoor descends on Yarrow near Broadmeadows. High up on that road Sir Walter said good-bye to Mungo Park, the African traveller, who was born at Foulshiels. Over that road the great Montrose fled with the remnant of his troops after his one and only defeat at Philiphaugh. Across Yarrow stands stately

Newark Tower, so called to contrast it from a very ancient tower called Auldwarck, which stood close by. And here is Philiphaugh House, below which the battle of 1645 took place. After this defeat there was nothing left for the great Marquis but to make over Minchmoor and meet the misfortunes which led to his ultimate fate in the Capital—a noble head stuck on a pike in the High Street for all and sundry to gaze at. So Yarrow, which begins at St Mary's with the hanging of Cockburn of Henderland, and the Douglas Tragedy of nine dead men at Blackhouse, travels all its way past duel grounds and battlefields and falls into Ettrick with the greatest battle of all at Philiphaugh, a water of lost loves and a river of song, but always a stream with a sough of sorrow in it.

To those who would go home by Abbotsford and Galashiels, the road crosses the water into Selkirk, and then keeps down the south side of the river to Lindean. But for us perfection lies up Tweed to Peebles. He is a poor Scot indeed whose mind is not stored with many memories of Tweed—that fairest of all Scots rivers, which rises away up at Tweed's Well and falls into the sea at Berwick. To know the Tweed from its cradle among the Border hills to its mouth, where in these autumn days the fishermen will be landing their last catch of salmon for the season under the old sea wall—that is to take with you about the world an unseen library of poetry and romance and the memory of beauty, which in old age will be a blessed consolation. For no river in Scotland can com-

pare with that one hundred and three miles for beauty, ballad lore, and ancient legendry. We are thankful, on this golden autumn day, to travel up these fifteen or sixteen miles, which, even on Tweedside, are hard to beat. The very names of the places we pass make music in the ear—Yair, Fairnilee, Holylee, Ashiestiel, Elibank, and Traquair.

In that old turret of Fairnilee, Alison Rutherford (who became Mrs Cockburn), wrote "The Flowers of the Forest." Yonder across the river, dreaming among the trees, is the old house of Yair, where the Pringles made history, and carved long ago this epitaph in a chapel of Melrose Abbey: "Here lies the race of the House of Zair." On a blue-white day of spring, or a warm day of midsummer, or a still autumn day, when the world is all russet and gold, the Tweed at Yair is as fair as fair can be. Beyond Caddonfoot the bridge leads you over to the old south-side road up Tweed—Sir Walter's road, be it ever remembered—but the new road is the one which all the world follows now. Yonder, beyond the new house of Peel, stands Ashiestiel, leased by Sir Walter Scott in 1804 from his cousin General Russell. He lived in this romantic house for eight years, and here he wrote "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and the first chapter of "Waverley." Had he been able to buy Ashiestiel, Clarty Hole would never have become Abbotsford. The house is much changed now, but old Ashiestiel will for ever be Scott's true Border setting.

A mile past Thornilee, on the wooded heights

across the river, stands Elibank—the old tower in ruins on the hill above, the new house in the woods below. This was a favourite Sunday walk of Scott's, when doubtless he often recalled his ancestry, for here it was that young Scott of Harden preferred Muckle-Mouthed Meg to the gallows.

No man of sensibility could pass through Innerleithen without a desire to look at the old House of Traquair on the other side of the river. Like many another, such as Dunvegan Castle in Skye, it is said to be the oldest inhabited house in Scotland. But what matter? It is very old, very quaint, and very Scottish—standing in its green seclusion. We view it through the ancient gates between pillars with the Bradwardine Bears atop—the model of Scott's gateway of Tully Veolan in "Waverley." The old Earls of Traquair, red hot Jacobite Stuarts every one of them, have left a pathetic legacy in the family decree, that these great gates are never to be opened until a Stuart King rides down the wide grass pleasaunce to the door. Many a Scots King, from Malcolm III., passed the doorsteps of Traquair. The first Earl was Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, and King's Commissioner to the Kirk, but before all was done he begged on the streets of Edinburgh. He is mentioned in the ballad of "Christie's Will."

Traquair has ridden up Chapel Hope,  
And sae has he down by the Grey Mare's Tail;  
He never stinted the light gallop.  
Until he speer'd for Christie's Will.

He was something of a wag, for in order to gain a lawsuit on one occasion, he had the Lord President of the Court of Session kidnapped while he was riding on Leith sands. After the decision, the poor judge was set down again on the very spot where he had been lifted.

Traquair has written a private letter,  
And he has sealed it wi' his seal,  
Ye may let the auld brock out o' the pock ;  
My land's my ain, and a's gane weel !

The eighth and last Earl was a true friend of the rich and a willing helper of the poor. He died in 1861, and his sister, the Lady Louisa, followed him fourteen years later in her hundredth year.

In Traquair Kirkyard we sit and sing to ourselves another tune of romance—John Campbell Shairp's "Bush aboon Traquair," which was founded on an older poem, and is perhaps the finest example we have of a modern border ballad.

Will ye gang wi' me and fare  
To the bush aboon Traquair ?  
Ow're the high Minchmuir we'll up and awa,  
This bonny simmer noon,  
While the sun shines fair aboon,  
And the licht sklents saftly down on holm an' ha'.

And what would ye do there  
At the bush aboon Traquair ?  
A lang dreich road, ye had better let it be :  
Save some auld skrunts o' birk  
I' the hillside lirk,  
There's nocht i' the warld for man to see.



The scrunts of birk, the Quair burn, the kirkyard, and the lang dreich road are all here yet. Yonder up the Quair burn is the road to Glen House—Lord Glenconner's seat—where in the old forest stading (mentioned in history as far back as 1216) there lived long ago that old Covenanter, Veitch of Glen. Here, at a still later date, was born Captain Porteous of the City Guard, who was hanged on a dyer's pole in the Grassmarket by the Porteous Mob in 1736. Up there on the left is the road over Minchmoor—the “lang dreich road” which the lover took from Yarrow to keep his tryst at the Bush of Traquair; but to him the road would be short. Here, in the old kirkyard, generations of such lovers lie, well-happed beneath the green howes; and you may even pull a bit of birk on the hillside yet to remind you that, although everything dies and passes in this old world, true love is as fresh and new to-day as it ever was.

With that we make for Peebles, the end and the beginning of many a happy journeying through the border land. An old-farrant place, with a bagful of history all its own—did not King James I. write “Peblis to the Play”? And through its streets has not the clash and clang of Border Raiding and Romance kept this ancient Burgh on Tweed in life and love from one century to another? But that story would take a long time in the telling. Our pilgrimage is over. So, with a last look at Tweed in the darkening, we hear some one singing the old lilt which will mingle with our dreams this very night under the harvest moon.



They were blest beyond compare,  
When they held their trysting there,  
Amang thae greenest hills shone on by the sun ;  
And then they wan a rest,  
The lownest and the best,  
I' Traquair Kirkyard when a' was dune.

### III

## THE HOMELY VALE

### WINTER BEAUTY ON EDDLESTON WATER

HE was indeed a Scots visionary who once spoke this message of comfort to a stricken soul: "Heaven never looks half so beautiful as when the trees have been stripped of all their leaves." To the Nature lover the winter landscape is just as beautiful in its own way as the summer landscape. Sometimes it is far more beautiful in its low colour tones. One appreciates the character of a tree better when its trunk is bare, its branches clean-stripped, and the delicate tracery of its myriad twigs stands out against the liquid skies of a sunny morning in December or January.

How full of sensitive purples, amethysts, blues, and greys are the mists that hang over the hollows of a ploughed field! Or look along the unpruned hawthorn hedges on a quiet winter afternoon, when not a sound breaks the holy calm, and you will see the same atmosphere of purples and blues like fairy whiffs of smoke where the hedgerows line each side of the clarty road. The blue-green strips of the Swedish turnips and the verdant green of the Whites make splashes of brilliance side by side on the low-toned wintry fields. The

tawny colour of the hills, and the long white grasses that wave on Pentland or Lammermoor in the dead months of the year, always recall the words of that auld-farrant gentlewoman, Lady John Scott, "Heaven won't seem heaven if I don't see those benty fields and tufts of rushes there!" For the wind of the Lammermoors was the very breath of her soul.

But there is a veritable painter's palette of winter beauty which I never can pass without thinking how prodigally Nature lavishes her best work on the humblest of subjects. It is a poor little bit of boggy moorland beyond Leadburn. Most people associate Leadburn with weary waits at a junction, bleak moors, and snell, biting winds. Certainly one would not choose to be caught here in an on-ding of rain, or hail, or snow; for the road at its highest point is nine hundred and thirty-one feet, and the world about Leadburn has no bield. But how few of those who in motor cars race down Eddleston Water have time, or the eyes, to see the beauty of this wind-swept scrap of water-logged moorland, or to look back and gaze on the splendid panorama of the Pentland range stretched from end to end! On this perfect January morning the blazing sun is melting the white rime on road and moorland, except where it lies in the shadow of bank or hummock. This bog is not for anyone with slippered feet. But as I stand in the centre and look under the rim of the hat towards the low sun, this little patch of moor marsh is like a crumpled carpet of greens and browns and blacks, with the Moorfoots and the

hills of Tweed rolling away in long misty billows  
until they are lost in the haze. A hare rises from  
a hummock,

And with her feet, she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist that, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

All the ochres and umbers, burnt siennas, and  
Vandyke browns of Nature's palette are here this  
wintry morning. The little dubs and pools flash  
in the sunshine, and when the day is done reflect  
the crimson and gold of the glowing west. Come  
again in summer and you will see these peat hags  
glorified with purple heather. Wild flowers star  
the moss with heliotrope and yellow, and the white  
cotton grass waves its snowy flags in the sun-  
kissed wind. Here is a poor little moss between  
the road and the railway, of no use to man or beast,  
ringed about with barbs as a place of danger, but  
on this sunny morning not all the jewels on earth  
can equal it for beauty.

Leaving the windy heights of Leadburn, a turn  
past Craighburn on the left, with its scrunts of  
trees and its milestone, brings us face to face with  
Eddleston Valley. Even a tar-sprayed road—that  
abomination of trampers and horsemen—may have  
its winter beauty. For the sun has now melted  
the frost on its smooth surface, and the long,  
straight, dazzling road looks like a river of molten  
silver flowing between the bent moors. Now  
we reach the bridge beneath which flows the  
modest stream of Eddleston Water, and on our  
right runs an ancient grass-grown road. As we

get further down the valley, the growing volume of the stream reminds us that, in the language of the Borders, a "water" is larger than a burn, and yet not quite large enough to be a river. The scenery of this homely vale is quiet, but it is the early vale of dream to me, because to a burgher of Auld Reekie it is the nearest outgait to the Border Country. Here, indeed, is our pilgrim's path to Scotland's Rivers of Romance. From the very name of its highest homesteads a January traveller draws honied hopes of spring. Earlyvale, Earlypier, Earlyburn—did ever a place-namer make a better show of poetry in a plain-featured valley?

But Eddleston Water has its old-world story as well as its human interests to-day, for all these lands were ancient church lands belonging to the See of Glasgow. The earliest British name of the district was Peniacob or Penteiacob. This name appears in the inquest of Prince David as early as 1116. Within fifty years this British name was changed to the Norman name of Gillemorestun, after a settler called Gillemor, and before twenty years had passed (1189) the manor of Gillemorestun was granted to an Anglo-Saxon called Edulf, the son of Utred, from whom it took the name of Edulfstoun, by which it is still known. But enough of old-time records: let us rather hear the more human tales of the lands and lairds and common folks of this pleasant Vale of Eddleston.

Most people have forgotten all about the Earl who gave his name to the place of Portmore, for his title has been extinct for nearly ninety years. But many a passer-by remembers that the place

was once the home of Forbes Mackenzie. And yet I would rather think of Portmore in connection with his youngest brother, who left this quiet valley and became a famous Bishop in South Africa. There he met a soul that was sib to his own—David Livingstone—and set a standard of Christian conduct which is for ever memorialised in these words: “If there was any Christian deed to be done, any work of mercy to be performed, either for the bodies or souls of men, then Mackenzie’s whole heart was engaged. To go about doing good was the only employment which he thoroughly and unreservedly loved.”

A sleepy place is Eddleston village on this January day, with winter sunshine skilting through the trees, and the old kirk standing on the hill. The only sounds to be heard are the lowing of cattle, the chirrup of partridges down by the water, the crowing of a cock, the rumble of cart wheels in the distance, and the ring of the anvil in the smiddy with its two curious horse-shoe windows. The little school has a quaint outside bell. The kirkyard gate is fastened by a bit of string. The kirk itself is a combination of things old and new, with a sundial high up on the corner of the wall, old carved stones built into the belfry gable, and by the vestry door, grey memorials with the well-known names of Murray, Whyte Melville, and Wolfe on them, and a tale in tombs of four Robertsons who ministered here for one hundred and seventy-five years. A very old Murray stone bears this downright confession of faith—*Deum timeo*—I fear God.



But across the valley yonder there lived long ago a Murray who feared no man. Darnhall is the seat of the Elibank Murrays, and the sight of this old white Scots house, which is built after the manner of a French château, reminds us of Sir Gideon Murray, who founded this branch of the ancient house of Blackbarony. He was a fine example of Scots thrift and summary justice.

The thrift on one occasion showed itself in yon wide grass avenue which runs up to the mansion. There are only three such grand grass approaches in Peebleshire—at Traquair, at Dawyck, and here at Darnhall. Sir Gideon, when entertaining distinguished guests, used to post his retainers in livery at the foot of the trees in this long avenue, with an instruction that the servants were to run round the back of the trees whenever the guests had passed and take their posts behind the trees higher up. This gave a stranger the impression that the Darnhall retainers were countless in number.

His summary justice had also a smack of self-interest, for it was this same long-headed freebooter and master of bluff who gave William Scott of Harden—Sir Walter's ancestor—the cheery choice of being hanged or of marrying Sir Gideon's rather plain-faced daughter, who was nicknamed "Muckle Mouthed Meg." Little wonder that the pawkie Scot touches his hat to Darnhall as he travels down Eddleston Water and winks quietly at old Elibank Tower as he journeys down Tweed.

Still further down this homely vale stands the red house of Cringletie—a name with a fine Scots bite on it. It is the home of the Wolfe-Murrays,

one of whom served under General Wolfe at Quebec in 1750, and thereafter adopted the name of that great soldier. Another was raised to the Bench as Lord Cringletie. His wife was Isabella Strange, a granddaughter of Sir Robert Strange the famous engraver, who engraved the bank notes used in Prince Charlie's army. Before being raised to the Bench, Lord Cringletie was one of the counsel for the prosecution in the famous Deacon Brodie case. I like to look at the portrait of the late James Wolfe-Murray, a spare, white-bearded, old man, dressed in a kilt, and seated on his white Russian shooting pony, called "Moscow," with a feather in his hat and his gun cocked ready for a shot. He was a gey sportsman, and used to keep a silver flute and a pea-rifle in his bedroom. Early in the morning he would quietly open the window and play "Rousseau's Dream" or "Robin Adair" in dulcet tones, until the rabbits came out to listen. Then the silver flute was silent, the pea-rifle spoke, and Master Bunny lay low for ever. A keeper once said of this adventurous sportsman, "Maister Wolfe-Murray wad shoot his gran'mither if she war risin' afore him!"

Few people passing down Eddleston Water give any thought to the little cottage called Redscaurhead on the roadside just below Cringletie Bridge. But it was here that George Meikle Kemp came on the 14th day of June 1809 from his father's house at Moorfoot. He was only fifteen years of age, and he was apprenticed to Andrew Noble, who was then the carpenter at Redscaurhead. In his second year of apprenticeship, young Kemp

walked over to Roslin to feast his eyes on the 'Prentice Pillar and all the other restless miracles of the carver's craft in the chapel. One June day in 1813 he left Eddleston Water for new employment at Galashiels, meaning to trudge the seventeen miles on foot with his tools on his shoulder. But when near old Elibank Tower he got a lift in a lumbering chaise from a gentleman who was lame. When they reached Galashiels Kemp got out with his tools, thanked his benefactor for his kindness, and asked a bystander who the gentleman was. To his astonishment, he found that he had been befriended by Walter Scott—the Shirra. Little did Scott himself think that the youth who thanked him so modestly for the ride was yet to design the magnificent Scott Monument which stands in Princes Street to-day. Years after that ride, when Kemp was making a sketch of a part of Melrose Abbey, Scott came into the Abbey grounds with a company of friends. He began immediately to watch the artist at work, without knowing who he was. But Kemp knew the great Romancer by sight, and was just waiting to hear him speak when suddenly Maida, the beloved staghound, had to be restrained in some frolic, and Scott hastened away to call the dog to heel. Scott and Kemp never met again, but the architect never ceased to regret his lost opportunity.

We began this January day with thoughts of winter beauty ; now the sun is setting as we trudge into Peebles. Crossing Tweed Bridge, which road should a lover take but the footpath up the river opposite Neidpath ? Here, in the solemn hush of

twilight, listening to the swirl of the water beneath the trees, the old castle rises like a ghost of romance above the green terraces of the hanging gardens where lords and ladies wandered long ago. A touch of sunset tips the tree-tops, but Tweed whispers its secret in the gloom below. For this is the endless joy of Eddleston Water, that it lures us like a lover who is always glad to take the shortest road to the river of his heart—Tweed.



SMAILHOLM TOWER





## IV

# THE FINEST HUNDRED MILES IN THE BORDERS

### A MOTOR RUN

IN the laggard summer of 1920, when the withering east wind had been trying for a long time to infuse some of its own ill-nature into the sunshine, some of us will not soon forget how, on an early Monday in June, summer literally leaped on Edinburgh like a tiger, as Alexander Smith used to say. When such a thing happens, there is nothing for it but to look at the motto—*Carpe diem*—on the old sundial in the garden, and seize the day. Knowing Scotland from end to end and island to island, we deliberately chose a motoring road for one day's journey out of Edinburgh and back, a road where we will find all the beauty, all the poetry, and all the history of the Border packed into twelve hours.

Taking the way out of Edinburgh by the finest way into it, we will pass through Gilmerton and Eskbank, and thence climb gradually until we come to the Gala Water road; by the time we have reached the high levels of Middleton Moor we will have already opened a whole book of Scots history and ballad literature. Queen Mary and Craigmillar Castle will make conversation for

more than a mere mile, and if it is ballads we are after, or songs we wish to sing, these two pawky Scots lovers will more than satisfy, "Willie's gane to Melville Castle" and "The Laird o' Cockpen"—the first, a non-committal Scots gallant, who kissed all four sisters at the louping-on stane, and promised to come back and marry the whole bunch; the second, a long-headed laird, who could not afford to lose his dignity, and so lost his Jean. So, as we sweep past Melville Castle, Dalkeith Palace, Newbattle Abbey, Dalhousie Castle, and the village of Cockpen, the old history of Scotland unfolds its pages one by one. The Bold Buccleuchs and all the Scotts of that Ilk kept the English on the Border in hot water for centuries. The monks who built Newbattle Abbey were the first to discover coal in Scotland, and although we cannot see the site of the Laird's house at Cockpen, we get a glimpse of Mistress Jean's cottage on the right hand side of a very steep and leafy road.

Before reaching Middleton Moor there is a heartsome glimpse of Borthwick Castle up a little valley on the left, just after passing Fushiebridge. There Queen Mary spent four days with Bothwell—"so quiet, that there was none with her passing six or seven persons"—but when the alarm came Bothwell fled. A little way from the Castle, Mary, disguised in the clothes of a man, met him, and he rode with her post-haste to Dunbar.

Now comes the long run downhill by Gala Water to Stow and Galashiels. The glory of the day, however, only begins with Gala Water, and

opens up as we climb the road out of Galashiels to catch our first glimpse of Abbotsford across the Tweed. Who can ever look upon that grey pile by the silver river of romance without a wave of emotion! Abbotsford stands for all that is splendid in Border story, and but for Walter Scott, the outside world might have taken another hundred years to know the ballads, the romance, and the history of Scotland. The beauty of Tweed-side begins to steal over us as we drive along the road to Lindean, past the meeting of the waters where Ettrick and Tweed wed one another, past the woods of Sunderland Hall, and over Ettrick Bridge. Then, a sharp turn to the left, and we journey down Tweed on the opposite side by a rather narrow road through glorious shade on this blazing day, with the May blossom creaming the hedgerows and dusting the hawthorn trees with a prodigality of fragrant bloom.

Abbotsford itself is one of the buildings of Scotland which combines all the chivalry of the Middle Ages with the pathos of human ambition. The courteous old guide will tell us all we want to know. But every time we go to Abbotsford there are two things we invariably wish to do. The first is, to look quietly out of the great bay window of the library on the most romantic river in Scotland, glittering in the sunshine beyond the green holms. The great wizard died with his eyes gloat-ing over that very scene which he was loath to leave after all his glorious battle with misfortune. All very well for Carlyle to sneer at Scott for his

ambition to be a Border laird. True, it cost him £290,000 to turn the little farm of Clarty Hole into this stately Abbotsford, with £130,000 liability to pay up when the financial crash came. But, Scott's ambition, which cost him so much, was the finest means of grace man ever had—for he himself paid off with his pen £86,000 in six years, working night and day, with only half a brain—and after his death every remaining penny of the £130,000 debt was paid in full from the earnings of his books. There is no story in all our literature like that. It is of all these things we like to think as we look out of the library window at Abbotsford.

The other thing which attracts us at Abbotsford is—not the great collection of books and curios, of armoury, and personal apparel, nor yet the glass case with the hair clippings of great folks like Prince Charlie and Napoleon, or Burns's much too ample tumbler—but three priceless drawings by that illustrious wag of a Scots laird, who had the true antiquary's heart, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. One represents Scott's handsome, sheep-stealing ancestor, faced with either awful alternative of being hanged by Murray of Elmbank or marrying Murray's plain-faced daughter, Muckle-mouthed Meg; another, a family group of the same clanjamfrey; and the third, the gem of the collection, a drawing of Queen Elizabeth as a wicked-looking old woman, with a face like a witch, a pointed beard, a jewelled crown set on her red hair, and dressed in voluminous robes. She is dancing on one toe behind a curtain to the

music of a fiddle played by an innocent-looking urchin, while the faces of two scandal-mongers look round the curtain at the unholy sight.

But the best is yet to come, and the car swings us along the few miles that lie between Abbotsford and Melrose. Half an hour will give us some idea of the Abbey and its story, but half a lifetime will not suffice to exhaust the beauties of this poem in stone, with its splendid windows, its miracles of carving, its many sculptured saints and grotesque figures, and its mellow old stone, which seems to blush pink against the deep blue of the sky. To those who play the bagpipe, and to any who may doubt its antiquity as a national instrument, I would point to the grotesque figure of a pig playing the bagpipe high up on the south wall of the nave, seen best against the sky under a flying buttress, if the observer stands at the west corner of the south transept. If this does not convince, reference need only be made to the cast of another bagpiper in stone from Melrose Abbey, which Mr James Drummond, R.S.A., possessed. The Abbey was founded in 1136, but was burned again and again in later centuries, but that which now stands surpasses every other ancient ruin in Scotland for the picturesqueness of its general aspect and the profusion of its architectural details.

Again we get under way and climb out of Melrose on the St Boswells road, and as we pass Eildonside, not far from the Bogle burn, a large stone is seen lying on the right side of the road as a reminder of Thomas the Rhymer :—



True Thomas lay on Huntlie Bank,  
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e :  
And there he saw a lady bright  
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

The Eildon tree is gone, but this stone marks the place from which the wee folks carried Thomas the Rhymer away to fairyland, where he was kept seven years.

What a view awaits us on the top of the hill ! The whole Borderland between the Triple Eildons to the Black Hill of Earlston lying sleeping in the afternoon sunshine. Surely, the bonniest landscape in all Scotland, with its trees and rivers, its green hills and blue distances broken only by Peniel Heugh Hill and Ruberslaw, as they rise against that dim debatable land of old, the Bounds of Cheviot.

Then, the road takes us through Newtown St Boswells, St Boswells itself, and St Boswells Green. We cross the Tweed again at Mertoun Bridge, turn westward, and go up the north bank of the river till we reach Dryburgh. At every turn of this road the eye is led to new wonders in the landscape, and the heart leaps again and again at the richness of the Borderland.

Dryburgh is like no other ruin in the Borders. Ruins have a personality all their own, and Dryburgh has a haunting atmosphere of tranquillity—remote, reminiscent, dreamy, amid its immemorial yews and cedars and great leafy trees. And if Melrose holds the heart of the Bruce, Dryburgh keeps the mortal remains of Walter Scott. On either hand stands a stately



mansion. Down below the little cliff runs Tweed in a great loop round the monks' land. On a quiet day, when the whisper of summer is stirring through the trees, one has only to close the eyes to hear the voices of the white-robed friars chanting their psalms and litanies in the great church across the cloister garth. No wonder Sir Walter chose to be buried in the tomb of his forebears, the Haliburtons of New Mains over yonder in the north transept—lapped about in the silence, with the memories of Kings and Canons who loved to come here to read and pray and dream of holier things than Border raids and forays.

And yet, the most splendid vision of the day awaits us but a few miles from Dryburgh. Retracing the road a little way, we suddenly swing round a corner to the left and climb past Bemersyde House, that ancient family-place of the Haigs, of which the Border prophet sang:—

'Tide, 'tide, whate'er betide,  
There'll aye be Haigs in Bemersyde.

It moves the heart to think of that gallant soldier, Earl Haig, being presented by the nation with this ancient home of his race and name. Glance to the right, over the high mossy land, and you will catch sight of Smailholm Tower, standing on its little hill. How the vision rises before us of the little, lame eight-year-old boy, Walter Scott, being sent to stay with his nurse over there at his grandfather's farm of Sandyknowe. The nurse had a sweetheart in Edinburgh, and resented the separation which

this visit entailed, so in her madness she took the little fellow along the craigs yonder by Smailholm Tower one day, intending to cut his throat with her scissors and bury him in the peat moss. But the housekeeper found out the ghastly scheme, and so saved Scott for the world. It sends a shiver through the soul to realise how much may lie in the power of a nursemaid.

But the car has stopped, and with a catching of the breath we gaze on the finest view in the Scottish Border—the westward view of Tweed seen from Bemersyde Hill. How absolutely moving it is in the beauty of this summer afternoon! Bemersyde on the left, Gladswood down yonder on the right—the two flanking splendours of the scene. Far below in front of us the almost complete circle of Tweed that makes the fertile promontory—the Mailros of Bede, or *maol-ros*—that bare circle of land called now Old Melrose, where, under Aidan, the monks of Columba from Iona built the original monastery of wood and wattle huts away back in the seventh century. Beyond it, Ravenswood, and the whole valley of this gleaming river of lost romance, right up to the ruined abbey and the little town, with the Eildons standing sentinel over it all. Scott always pulled up his horse at this point to drink his fill of the view, and it is remarkable to read in Lockhart, that when the funeral procession was winding its way round Bemersyde Hill, some accident caused the hearse to halt for several minutes just at this spot. We confess we like to believe the popular tradition that Scott's own horses, drawing the hearse, stood still through sheer

habit at their beloved master's viewpoint. Those who have not seen this view of Tweed from Bemersyde on a fair summer day have never seen their Borderland at its romantic best. When Earl Haig of Bemersyde looks from his windows at sunset over that fairy dream, he will doubtless think often of the battlefields of his country's dead, but he will surely say: "It is a land that was worth fighting for."

Somehow the glory seems to have departed from our day when we move on downhill. It was worth coming all the way to see this heavenly view. Now in the golden light we run up to Earlston, past Drygrange, Sorrowlessfield, and Cowdenknowes, sleeping in the heat of eventide—past the Rhymer's Tower, through Earlston, and up the whole length of Leader Water to Lauder. Lauder is a world in itself, clinging to its ancient privileges, remote from the outer rush of things. But the wise outsiders have found Lauder out, and there is health and happiness here for all who care to come.

When the car climbed the last brae—the Red Brae—and ran across the open wastes of Soutra Hill, twelve hundred feet above sea level, some of us knew what to expect. At the watering-stone, or just a little above it, the view of East Lothian—that Garden of the Lord—burst upon us, and beyond the Lothians lay the sea, from the Bass to Berwick Law, from the May Island to Inchkeith, with Fife beyond, and the whole range of the Pentlands nearer home. Surely of far and wonderful vistas of good Scots history and ballad lore we have had enough for one day. The run home com-

pleted the circle of the day. It is a round of wizardry from beginning to end, which all who can should take. Then they may propound as a point of pleasant argument whether for beauty of scene, for architecture, for history and ballad lore, it is not the finest hundred miles in the Borders !

## V

# THE DIARY OF A TWEEDSIDE LAIRD

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

IT is a little old passbook with money columns and marled boards, and the charm of it to an imaginative Scot who loves the ancient lore of his land is, that it gives no clue to the name of the Border laird who wrote it, nor does it name the actual place where he dwelt. But, at least, it makes clear that the house itself was near Innerleithen; that Peebles was the nearest town; and that our own city at that date was the romantic Edinburgh of Scott and Jeffrey, Cristopher North and De Quincey, Carlyle and Chalmers. We have travelled so far in custom and knowledge since then that it is a heartsome thing to put on our horn spectacles and take the antiquary's glance into the past life of this Tweedside laird—and, to those who are old enough, it will be a pleasant puzzle to find out who the laird was, and where his mansion stood.

To begin with, he was a well-off man, according to the standards of the Georgian days in which he lived. This passbook gives us his expenses for one summer only, from 3rd June to 14th October 1830, and his expenditure, including a trip to London,

amounted to £545. At the end of the book we find a note of his income from 3rd June to 26th July, and it is from three sources—from a certain Mr Richardson and a certain Mr Melville, W.S., the first of whom seems to have been his “doer”; from Messrs Coutts, bankers in London; and from local rents and cut timber sold to a local carpenter. These two months alone yielded him an income of £810. A truly canny laird, as other items will show.

He kept a coach and a stable boy, a gardener and an apprentice, indoor servants, and an orraman, and when he travelled he took with him Robert Scott, as his body servant, to valet him. He farmed his own land, and paid £75, 10s. 6d. in wages for the half-year to his farm servants. To Frank Heath, who looked after the stallion, he paid sometimes £8, and sometimes £5, and when he ordered candles from Bogie the tallow-chandler at Selkirk he bought them in £5 parcels. So we can with safety conclude that the laird's house stood in its own well-timbered grounds, with a farm near Innerleithen, that the gardens were considerable, that he bred horses, felled his own trees, and in winter lit his mansion with a respectable blaze of soft candlelight. Moreover, he was, like some other lairds, loath to give in to new ways; for in this very year, 1830, new roads were being made in many parts of Scotland, and the following entry might quite well point to the laird defying the march of progress: “Paid to John Hope for stopping the new road at Innerleithen, £2”—unless, indeed, the word ‘stopping’ bears some other meaning than hindering.



In those days when a Tweedside man travelled to London, he had to choose between the stage-coach and the steam vessel. So when our Laird travelled south, he went by sea and returned by post-chaise. It was a far cry from St Ronan's Well to Piccadilly, but all the gaiety of Vauxhall never seemed to displace the love which this careful Scot kept in his heart for the Vale of Tweed. Let us wander through his accompt-book, and the story will unfold itself.

The wages question was easily solved—for, John Nicholson the gardener got only £20 a year, with £4 for coals; the under gardener got £6, 10s.; and the orraman, when he was required, got 8s. a week. The housemaids—how many there were we do not know—cost the laird altogether £42 a year. A cart of coals cost 8s. 6d. His wine cost him £17, 14s. 1d., for one lot, from Bell & Rannie, of Leith; he got his groceries from Thorburn, of Leith; and there is another item of £7, 10s. 1d. to Walter Thorburn, merchant, at Peebles. The henwife, Margaret Burnet, was paid £3, and even his payments to “the Boy La Grieve for tapes, needles, and pins” are put down at 2s. But he does not grudge paying one Maclashan 7s. 6d. for drawing a coat-of-arms. Where are these arms today? And what name did they uphold? Who was the laird himself?

He may quite well have been a Roman Catholic Laird on Tweedside, with Jacobite leanings. For, on 21st June, he paid to one Boyd “for the piper's dress of tartan” the sum of £2, 8s. 2d.; the next month we find him paying 5s. for four tickets for

the pipers' ball at Innerleithen ; again, in the same month, he pays 10s. to a man called Cameron for piping ; and, last of all, in this same month of July, this Laird, who kept his own piper and attended the pipers' ball, paid 2s. 6d. for "a pamphlet by Mr Nuxenbeth on Defence of the Catholic Church."

Some of the items make delicious reading. He seems to have been continually paying threepence for the Peebles toll, and sometimes "for the mule"—surely an unusual animal for a laird. But the laird's mule must have been well known from Peebles to Selkirk, from Leithen waters to Traquair—for when the stable boy was sent "to Galashiels with the mule" it cost one shilling. Two counterpane bed curtains cost him five pounds eight and a penny and his newspaper sixpence halfpenny—and he paid for his castor oil six and six a bottle, a deadly dear dram. When he wrote to London an ordinary letter cost one and threepence. Moreover, he was a member of the St Ronan's Border Club, which entailed an annual subscription of ten shillings—so one could be a club member for a whole year in those blessed days for about the price of a bottle of castor oil ! But a Scotsman's spending has always shown some originality in the matter of proportion, for while the laird did not grudge to pay nine pounds three shillings for meal for the dogs in his kennels, he calmly puts down sixpence for charity.

Other items of purchase interest us greatly in these present days of high prices. A hundred years ago you could get a cart of coals for eight and six.

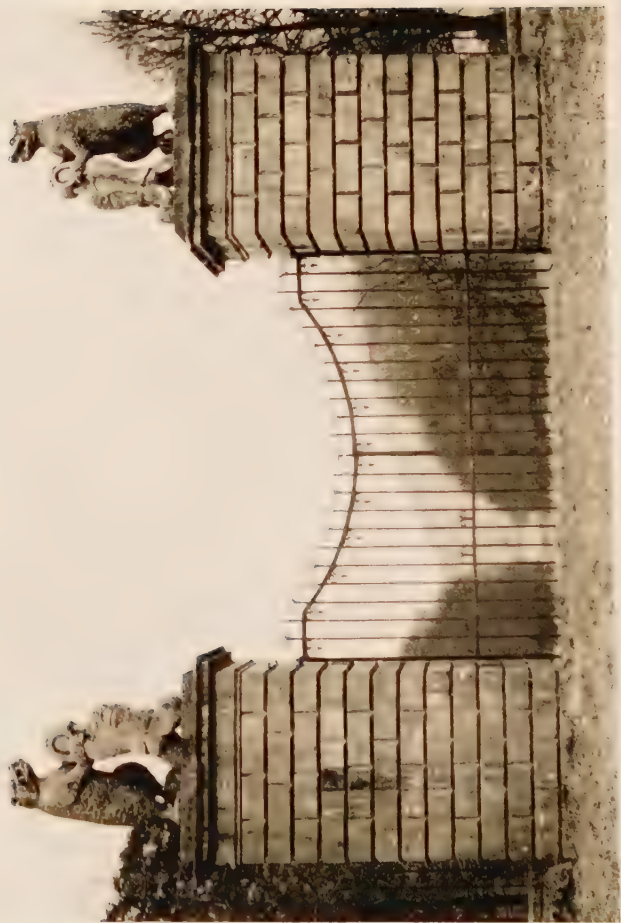
He slumps, without any conscience, "different articles bought for the house" with a round entry of ten pounds—and then he details the price of a lead pencil, a turnpike toll, or a penny bun. Sugar then cost tenpence a pound. But his sundries range from ten pounds to twopence—a trick which is as old as human nature, and may point to a quick-eyed wife at home.

But it is when he leaves home that he becomes most interesting. He travels to Edinburgh by the Peebles coach, taking his man-servant with him, which cost him thirteen and six for the two seats. These two—the laird and the serving-man—seem always to have gone to entertainments together, as there are always two tickets purchased. Some simple souls might infer that the laird was a widower, for he never mentions his wife. But there are many much-married men who never mention their wives. I rather think that our laird was not only a married man, but that he had three daughters; for, although he says nothing about his family, and gives no indication of there being a boy, yet, after enjoying his little flings in town with his serving-man, he makes up for it by bringing home on one occasion a fine shawl and three muslin dresses for girls. We have only to compare the three muslin dresses with the four tickets bought for the pipers' ball at Innerleithen to be almost certain that on that gay occasion the laird took his three girls to the ball, for the laird's lady, it is to be presumed, would not care to go, and he himself was the last man to buy five tickets if four were only to be used.

In Edinburgh he always stayed at Simpson's Hotel. It was evidently not a cheap place, for he paid five pounds ten shillings for a four-days' stay. His tips varied from three shillings to one shilling, except on one occasion when he gave ten. On his arrival in town he writes home, which costs him sevenpence. But it is when he goes shopping in Auld Reekie that the laird shines, for he buys a lead pencil at sixpence, a new neckcloth (cotton) at one and six, a shaving brush, some shaving soap, and a shaving box at two shillings each. Gaining courage, he begins to plunge, for the same day he buys a muslin gown at a pound and a silk hat for himself at thirteen shillings—prices which make a man with a family of daughters to-day groan with envy. He next goes to the hairdresser and gets himself done up for three shillings, has his razors sharpened for another shilling, and thus prepares himself for a trip to London.

It is all detailed. The coach from Edinburgh down to the landing-stage at Newhaven cost him four and six, the tolls one shilling, and the driver one and six—seven shillings to go a mile or two. There he hails a porter and a row-boat, gets his luggage aboard, and is rowed out to the steam vessel, with Robert Scott, his servant, sitting in the stern sheets. The very first item on board is a modest dram—a pint of port wine for himself at half a crown, and a bottle of porter at a shilling for his man. After master and servant are thus regaled on the heaving vessel, the tickets are taken out—five pounds cabin for the laird and two pounds twelve and six steerage for the servant.





THE CLOSED GATES OF TRAQUAIR



There was, however, no drinking on the voyage. Indeed, whisky is never mentioned in the diary. The only other item of that kind on the voyage to London was another pint of sherry wine for the laird and a second bottle of porter for the serving-man. The steward got half a crown and the boots on board one shilling.

The voyage did not take long, for they left New-haven early on August 8th, and reached London the next evening or early on the morning of the 10th. This time-table tallies exactly with that given in one of the original Edinburgh almanacks for 1839 which lies before me—that is, nine years later—where the note under the London steamers is as follows: “The passage is frequently performed within forty hours, and the average passage is about forty-four hours.”

On reaching London, they drove in the stage-coach from Blackwall to Leadenhall; there they hired a private coach and drove straight to Berkeley Street, where a sufficiently stylish lodging was engaged by the laird. Contrast this aristocratic address in Mayfair with his first purchase— $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of sugar for 5d., and two rolls of bread for 2d.

They arrived in London on 10th August and left for home on 29th September; and during these seven weeks the laird spent £102, 3s. 5d., and the details are intensely interesting. The first day he buys a pair of three-and-sixpenny gloves, and then he goes on from one extravagance to another. What a jolly, innocent, frugal time he had! If we could only see his letters home, they would remind us of John Galt's laird Pringle, in “The

Ayrshire Legatees" when he spent his immortal holiday in London.

I can only very briefly indicate some of the laird's ploys in town. He evidently had to find his own victuals, even in Berkeley Street—or rather he must have preferred to do so—for we find him buying his own tea (at 6s. the pound) as well as his own sugar; muffins and fresh butter; butter milk; cephalic snuff; a corkscrew; another lead pencil; twenty-five quill pens; two buns; two tartlets; a French spelling book; and a box of pins at sixpence. Everything is bravely noted—even remorselessly entered up in this passbook, like a man who has to give an account of his own soul every time he goes home.

But the same simple, pleasure-loving Scots laird who went to an equestrian entertainment at Innerleithen and the pipers' ball, seeks out the musical entertainments in London and pays his shillings and sixpences with a royal extravagance. He is the strict Catholic all through, and is a regular attendant at the Spanish Chapel, where his seat usually costs him one and sixpence. A shilling is sometimes given to a street musician. The Prague minstrels and the chin musical performer cost him two shillings each—there is evidence of a companion here. He pays for seeing through a large microscope, and goes twice over (like a true Scot) to see statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny in Bond Street. He pays to see the Thames tunnel, and more than once visits the "Colliseum." So it is quite evident that he enjoys himself in a strictly one-and-sixpenny way.

He has even his little flutter at gambling, and is honest enough to note down all his losses at the cartes ! They range from thirteen shillings to one shilling. But what is that, when we find over the page that he paid ten shillings to have his corns cut, and squandered one pound eighteen shillings on a ruby pen for himself ? A letter which he sends to Selkirk costs him three shillings and three-pence. He goes to dioramas at Regent's Park. He visits Astley's circus and Covent Garden. He goes to Vauxhall Gardens (four tickets) and to a cosmorama (six tickets)—but we are left in complete, or rather discreet, ignorance of his three companions at Vauxhall, and we will never know who were his five companions at the cosmorama. The diary is strictly financial—but even lairds are human. A flying visit to Tunbridge Wells broke the monotony ; here he lost only one shilling at the card table. Then he returns to London and pays his bills : To Tautz, the tailor, fifteen pounds ; for his lodgings in London, thirteen pounds thirteen and six (surely cheap for Berkeley Street ! ) ; for Robert Scott's board, four pounds nine shillings ; and for his own posting to Edinburgh, seven pounds.

But before leaving London he bought several presents—all for ladies. One blue moreen travelling bag for four shillings, and a five-guinea shawl ; one print muslin gown at thirty shillings ; another ditto of buff colour at fifteen shillings ; and a third ditto of pink colour at thirteen shillings. Surely here, at last, we have certain proof of the laird's never-mentioned wife at home and his three

daughters. This dressmaker's bill, in this present year of grace, ought to be enshrined in our City Museum.

It was still October when he reached home, and on those Indian summer days on Tweedside I can see the laird's lady and her three girls sunning themselves one afternoon among the gillyflowers and late roses—the lady with her fine London shawl on her shoulders, the girls in their white and buff and pink high-waisted muslin gowns; while the laird himself, in his knee-breeches and stiff cotton stock, relates all the wonders of Astley's circus and the diorama to his listening women folk, but never mentions Vauxhall or the cartes!

The last items in the book are his expenses between Edinburgh and Peebles. This music-loving Scots laird, who gave a boy a sixpence on a London street for playing a musical instrument, and then entered the item solemnly in his book, no sooner sets foot in Auld Reekie again than he is off to a panorama. On the same day, however, he pays one shilling “to the chapel in Edinburgh,” and I doubt not that he went there to say a prayer for his sins. Before going home he made some interesting purchases—10 lb. of wax candles from Henderson in South Bridge for twenty-nine shillings; a pair of candlesticks from Ritchie, ironmonger, in the High Street for twenty-nine and twopence; and, one pound for sundries! Oh these slumps in sundry—how they cover, like charity, a multitude of other things! But when he left Simpson's Hotel this time his bill, after four days, is somewhat alarming—“Paid for lodgings,

dinner, and three servants, &c., twenty pounds thirteen shillings." The waiter this time got ten shillings, so did the chambermaid, but the boots got half a crown, and the ostler one shilling.

The posting from Edinburgh to Peebles cost him over two pounds ; and post-horses from Peebles to his own house at Innerleithen cost nearly another pound. This leads us to conjecture that he posted all the way in his own coach, especially when we remember the pair of large carriage lamps which he provided himself with in London at no little expense. On the other hand, "seven pounds paid for journey from London to Edinburgh in posting," as he puts it, would hardly seem to cover the expense of post-horses for a gentleman's carriage. Robert Scott, the servant, did not return by road, but by steerage passage (two pounds twelve and six) on the steam vessel, which he boarded the very day before his master set out by road.

But Mary Birch—who was she ? Probably the family governess, who was returning to Tweedside for the winter, for the laird did not take her with him in his post-chaise, but entered into his pass-book this item—"Paid for an inside place to Peebles by the coach for Mary Birch."

The very last thing he did in Edinburgh was to go to Mr Rodger, the hairdresser, and spend five shillings, which shows us that the laird was dooms particular about his hair, and must have it dressed and curled ere he appeared before his women-folks. When in London he had, like a true Scotsman of parts, bought three books—a pamphlet on Paul Jones for sixpence ; a copy of *La Guia de Torasteros*



for 1830, for which he paid ten shillings ; and the French spelling-book.

We shall now leave our laird trundling home alone in his post-chaise with the high C-springs, over the October moors by Leadburn, his grey Scots eyes gleaming with the light of love as he passed down Eddleston Water by Early Vale and Cringletie, and in his hand he held the thin, well-thumbed pamphlet on Paul Jones. When the sun was setting, he sat looking out of the window of his lumbering coach to catch the glamour of the after-glow on Tweed—that storied river of home, which was better to him than all he had seen at Covent Gardens or Vauxhall. For the hardest Scotsman is at heart a sentimentalist.

Wan water from the border hills,  
Dear voice from the old years,  
Thy distant music lulls and stills,  
And moves to quiet tears.

A mist of memory broods and floats,  
The Border waters flow ;  
The air is full of ballad notes  
Borne out of long ago.

Old songs that sung themselves to me,  
Sweet through a boy's day-dream,  
While trout below the blossom'd tree  
Plashed in the golden stream.

ANDREW LANG.



## VI

### FOUR ABBEYS OF THE SAIR SANCT

MELROSE, DRYBURGH, JEDBURGH, KELSO

THE way that leads to the Four Abbeys is indeed a glamorous road. To an Edinburgh man, Eddleston Water is the historic outgait to the Borders and the true pilgrim's path to Scotland's rivers of romance. From Peebles to Abbotsford is twenty miles of the best that Tweed can offer. But as a lover always finds it hard to keep from dwelling on the beauties of his sweetheart's face, so, to a worshipper of Tweed's storied vale, it is hard to refrain from telling those tales of old romance which cling to every castle and cothouse. Traquair, Elibank, Ashiestiel, Fairnilee, Yair, Abbotsford—what tales of the Jacobites, Muckle-mouthed Meg, Alison Rutherford, proud Pringles and the Great Romancer these old houses could tell if only stones could speak! Over the doorway of every one might be written—

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

In the very heart of this pleasant Border land stands Melrose, and in the very heart of Melrose stands the ruined Abbey—the first of those four

which David I. saw rising from the river sides of the Border in his day and generation.

David was the third son of saintly Queen Margaret, that beauty-loving mother, who gave her Royal boys a bias for religion. He was the greatest patron of Cathedral builders that ever reigned in Scotland. To-day, after nearly seven hundred years, we can still see the splendid ruins of no fewer than nine abbeys which were built during his reign as homes for the monks—Kelso, Dryburgh, Melrose, Newbattle, Dundrennan, Kynloss, Cambuskenneth, Holyrood, and Jedburgh. A kind friend to Holy Church was David I. Indeed, so much money did he lavish on these abbeys that for many a year the Kings of Scotland were impoverished. Even three hundred years after the death of the Cathedral builder, James I. shook his head as he stood before his pious predecessor's tomb in Dunfermline and called him "a sair sanct for the croon."

No wise man would try to describe a Cathedral in a paragraph. But surely Melrose Abbey is the finest ruin of David's magnificent unthrift! Standing in rather unromantic surroundings, with the houses of the modern town huddled about it, and almost smothering its beauties, Melrose is a perfect dream in stone. But it was not on this site that the first church stood. Long before David's time, when St Aidan came from Iona in the middle of the seventh century, and set up a Columban community on the Northumbrian Isle of Lindesfarne, he chose twelve Saxon youths and sent them out to preach to the people of these



JEDBURGH ABBEY



north lands. One of them was Eata, and he was chosen to be the first abbot of the little chapel which was built at Old Melrose on that beautiful green promontory round which Tweed flows so peacefully, far below the incomparable viewpoint of Bemersyde Hill.

But Kenneth the King of Scots burned the little monastery in 839, and, although it was rebuilt, it gradually declined with the fading glories of Iona, until in the eleventh century it was a deserted ruin. Then came David in 1136, and restored the glory of Old Melrose by building a Cistercian Abbey two miles further up Tweed on the present site. Melrose Abbey, in its ancient splendours, must have been a place of ample solitudes. But to-day the town treads on the skirts of its beauty, and laughing tourists look down on its God's Acre from the windows of a neighbouring hotel. Here one seeks in vain for cloistered peace, although it is pleasant to tread the old paths which the restorers have laid bare, with the monks' fountain outlined on its original founds. Despite its modern surroundings, Melrose is the peerless ruin in the Borders. Gazing up at its wonderful traceries, its graceful shafts and its weathered walls, which are all mellowed into a harmony of the softest pinks and greys, yellows and greens, we wonder what purgatory awaits those English invaders—Hertford, Eure, and Layton—who laid waste this beautiful abbey, which looks, even in its ruins, as if it had been wrought by some fairy's hand.

But there is more to come. So we take the road through Newstead to Leaderfoot Bridge, and

climb the steep hill, that brings us to the most moving view of Tweed from Bemersyde—the tranquil loop of the river round Old Melrose below us, Gladsmuir on the right, Ravenswood in the middle distance, and Melrose, with the Eildon Hills beyond, all glittering blue and wonderful, as if the Creator's hand had composed a landscape to surpass all else in the Borderland.

Twilight, and Tweed, and Eildon Hill,  
Fair and thrice fair you be ;  
You tell me that the voice is still  
That should have welcomed me.

There speaks one to whom the remembered beauties of Tweed made a hurt of love in the heart.

Sweeping down the hill past Bemersyde, we turn suddenly to the right, and soon are walking down the narrow path beneath the trees to Dryburgh.

Dryburgh has not the wonders of Melrose to offer us, but of all the unspoiled sites of the ancient Abbeys of the Sair Sanct, here is the most perfect. A Philistine once said to me in Dryburgh, "It is very dilapidated!" Doubtless. But even the Venus of Milo lacks her arms!

Here, indeed, is a place to dream of holy friars and of the monastic ideal. Tweed whispering beyond the monks' meadows, ancient trees above, the close-cropped turf of nave and cloister laid in a mosaic of summer shadows, the yew trees and cedars bearing mute testimony to monkish hands that planted them seven hundred years ago. Surely Hugh de Morville, who founded this Abbey of



St Mary about 1150, and his wife, Beatrix de Beauchamp, who obtained a charter of confirmation from David I., had souls for the beautiful things of peace when they chose Dryburgh. Then came the monks or Canons regular from Alnwick, with their coarse black cassocks and their woollen copes of white, which gave to them the name of White Friars. We can almost see their white shoulders gleam beneath the trees. Yonder, over the meadows, stood the ancient village near the dovecot. Here were the fish ponds. There are the cellars and kitchens. Down in the dim chapter house is still preserved a holy carving of the *Agnus Dei*. At the cloister doorway is an ancient recess for bookshelves. In the only aisle remaining, sleeps Sir Walter Scott. But it is time to go again, so, reluctant but full of Dryburgh peace, we leave the wizard's tomb.

It is a long straight road from St Boswells Green across Ancrum Moor by Lilliard's Edge to Jedburgh, with Peniel Heugh on the left, dark Ruberslaw on the right, and the far Cheviots lying clear and blue from end to end. Ancrum Moor, with its Roman road, is historic ground. Here the English, on returning from the burning of Melrose in 1545, received a severe check from the Scots, who defeated them with great slaughter. Lilliard, a maid of Teviotdale, maddened by the loss of her lover, entered the battle, and fought until, covered with wounds, she fell. Hence the name of Lilliard's Edge to-day. As we cross the Teviot and run up Jedwater towards the town it is difficult for one who knows the history of this

fair-situate burgh to keep from shouting the old war-cry of "Jeddart's here!"

No town in the Borders has been so often "dang doon" by the English and "biggit up" again by the Scots as Jedburgh. As early as the year 950 there was a stronghold here called Judanbyrig. Later on a great castle, with six watch-towers to keep the town, stood on the height where the present prison now stands. Here Kings were born, were married, held Court, and died. In 1118 David founded a priory, which was soon replaced by the glorious pile of an abbey church, dedicated to the Virgin, and placed under Canons regular from the Abbey of St Quentin at Beauvais.

If you view Jedburgh in springtime it is like a green jewel set in a riot of blossoming orchards. If you come again in the autumn the whole valley is dressed in the russet and gold of the dying year. Lying in a sequestered vale within ten miles of the old battle border, this dour burgh town was a constant target for the English arrows and guns. Again and again the place was burned, sacked, battered to the ground. As often as its streets and towers, its Castle and its Abbey were burned, the unconquerable men of Jeddart built them up again. Like wasps in a hive, nothing but fire ever turned them out, but they always came back again to sting and retaliate, to fight and harass their auld enemy the English.

Surrey's savageries in 1523 were superb. Yet with only one man to stand up against every four Englishmen, Jeddart defied him until fire swept the Border breed from the town to the towers,

where they continued to fight like fiends. No wonder Surrey wrote to his King: "I fownd the Scottis at this tyme the boldest men and the hottest that ever I sawe. . . . Could 40,000 such men be assembled it would be a dreadful enterprise to withstand them . . . the devyl was that nyght among theym six tymes." But the devil has many shapes in Scotland. For on that same fatal night of 23rd September Surrey lost 800 horses in a mad midnight's stampede. Was it some Jeddart horse-couper that played the devil with the beasts? Two hundred were caught rampaging amid the burning ruins by the women of Jedworth; and the terrified English soldiers, thinking that their own wild horses were the Scots come back to raid their camp in the dark, let loose flights of arrows, and fired off their muskets at the maddened animals. Many of them, frantic with fright and stung with many arrows, dashed over the Scaurs near the town, and were killed.

Even Hertford when he came could not utterly destroy the Abbey. But he burned and wrecked it, and scattered the Brethren, who never again returned to the stately pile, where for four hundred years they had made Jedworth a garden of the Lord, and lived amid orchardlands and gardens despite the constant fear of war's alarms.

The Abbey stands to-day in a splendid position above the Jed, a combination of early Norman, transition Norman, and early Gothic beauties. The choir is the oldest part. Pleasant gardens lie between the Abbey and the river. You may pass into the cloister garth by the old Norman

door or by the restored Norman door—the one a dream of crumbling loveliness, the other a clean-cut example of modern work. In a vault which lay outside the church proper, was the old Latin School, kept in later years by a parish dominie, where James Thomson, the poet, and Samuel Rutherford, the reformer, learned their letters.

But whether you view the town and valley from the top of the Abbey tower, or walk the sunny paths of the cloister garden, or saunter up the splendid nave, there keeps ringing in your ears the old cry of “Jeddart’s here!” For, despite the drowsy sleep of Jedworth town to-day, here is a burgh of Border men who have not yet grown soft amid their own fruit trees and gardens.

Jeddart Justice meets you face-to-face in the old Town House. The romance of Queen Mary still clings to the little Scots mansion where she lay at death’s door of a raging fever, after her mad, fifty-mile ride to Hermitage to see Bothwell. But Jedburgh is a place of moving memories, even if you never get as far as the old Capon Tree, Fernihirst Castle, high-hung Lintalee, or Ringan Oliver’s house at Snailcleuchfoot, up the winding valley of the Jed.

But the road calls again, and now we pass through Crailing and Heiton, on our way to Kelso. There is no more impressive view of any Border town than that which bursts on a traveller as he comes down the hill from Maxwellheugh. In the early months of the year the woods of Springwood Park are white with snowdrops. But in summer

the Tweed surely looks more queenly from Kelso Bridge than from any town bridge that spans its hundred and three miles from Tweedswell to Berwick. Up stream you look to lordly Floors Castle, past the meeting of the waters, where Teviot falls into Tweed, a wide and wonderful river scene. Across the bridge stands Kelso town, guarded by the square bluff mass of the Abbey ruins.

A bein, clean place is Kelso, with a dignity all its own. Sleepy if you will, but beautiful for situation, with spacious river views from the terrace, pleasant gardens, old gentry houses that have well-mannered exteriors, and a market square without an equal in the land. On one side of it a quaint Town House with a pediment and Ionic columns rising out of a graceful balustrade, a cupola with a clock in it to crown the whole, and sweet, lazy chimes to tell the hours without obtruding the flight of time overmuch on the leisurely passers-by. On the other side of the square is an old-world hostelry, where on a market day you will find seated round the sumptuous board lairds and farmers, whose talk is all of horses and hounds, sheep and oats, and other commonalities of a good clean country life. Here might a busy man live his life with some approach to dignity, and enjoy the amenities of a well-earned retiral.

Yet Kelso, too, has known the clash and clang of history. For David placed in this Abbey of the Virgin and St John a Society of Tiron Monks from Picardy about the year 1128, and the Norman



tower was constantly used as a defensive keep during the ugly wars of Henry VIII. So it was the old story of hammer and tongs. Dacre gutted the Abbey and burned the town in 1523. Norfolk did the same again in 1542. Hertford completed the ruin two years afterwards.

The Kelso monks, however, were manly fighters. For in that last terrible tulzie with the ruthless Hertford twelve monks and ninety laymen held the Abbey against the English, and when the guns battered down the splendid walls the gallant soldier-monks retreated to the tower, where they held out all night. A dozen Scots escaped by ropes in the darkness, but at dawn the steeple was won, and the last Scot in it died fighting. That was the end.

To-day the only portions remaining are the walls of the transepts, part of the centre tower, and a little bit of the choir. Exiles from Kelso returning home will find the adjoining Abbey house demolished, and a handsome war memorial erected in its place. Is it by chance that in Jedburgh and Kelso the memorials of the Great War are standing alongside of the Abbey ruins? For still these massive towers remain a mute witness to the sad old days of battle, and a lasting reminder that war means death to men and ruin to beauty.

The sun is already casting long shadows, so we turn our faces north again by that high and far-horizoned road which leads us right across the heights by Smailholm village, a sweet, sequestered hamlet on a hill. From Earlston up Leader Vale





KELSO ABBEY



to Lauder, then over Soutra Hill as the sun begins to set, and back to Edinburgh, with King David's grey citadel on the Rock, and his penitential Abbey of the Holy Rood at the foot of the Royal Mile.

## VII

### HERMITAGE CASTLE

#### A BORDER STRONGHOLD AND ITS STORY

A QUIET country house on the lower slopes of Ruberslaw : a window wide open to the witcheries of the summer night and the heavenly morning sun : the scent of gardens with lawns and woods beyond : and the waking dreams of a wandering man dispelled by that most heartsome sound—the rhythmical sweep of a scythe in the luscious dew-drenched grass. It was thus that the idyll of a midsummer day and a long raid into Liddesdale began for us. Our first thoughts on watching the masterly reaper wielding his sharp scythe were of tall strong Border reivers ; old days and far rides to the castles and keeps that lie tucked away in their bald security among the glens and hills of Tweed and Ettrick, Teviot and Liddel ; Sir Walter's stravaigs with Shortreed ; and Queen Mary's record ride from Jedworth to Hermitage and back again in one day. But, if the Queen was able to ride fifty miles on a wet October day over roadless hills and boggy quagmires, surely we can manage the same distance in comfort to-day in this year of grace, with the sunshine all about us !

What a habble the historians have made over

that same ride! George Buchanan and the Reformers setting her mad canter down to an outrageous lust for Bothwell; Andrew Lang and the later apologists for the mischancy Queen exalting her ten hours' journey into a noble jaunt on State affairs alone. But the facts at least are soon told.

James Hepburn, 4th Earl of Bothwell, her Keeper of the Marches, lay ill in the Castle of Hermitage, having been seriously wounded in the course of his duty as Warden of the Borders. Mary travelled down from Borthwick Castle to Jedburgh to hold a circuit court. Then, she set out on the 16th day of October 1566 to ride all the way to Hermitage and back, that she might see her wounded Warden and third husband-to-be. Whichever way she went, she would cross the moors from Jedburgh for her fifty miles' ride. Did she ride gaily up Rule Water? If so, she would climb the desolate heights of Earlside and dip down somewhere into Slitrig Water. Finally, she would reach Hermitage by way of Priestthaugh, Swire Knowe, and the Braidley Burn. On returning, her horse was bogged in what has ever since been called the Queen's Mire—a morass just south of Swire Knowe—where years ago a lady's spur of ancient pattern was found. It turned out a wet October day and the Queen reached Jedburgh soaked to the skin, tired out, and splashed to the eyes with mud. This cantrip cost her dear. For the adventurous Queen of Scots, who had known many sorrows, sins, and sicknesses in her short life, was next day laid up with a raging fever. For a week she hovered on the edge of death.

On the ninth day she grew perfectly cold and rigid. Moray had already his fingers on the Crown jewels. Claud Nau, her French secretary, tells us that mourning dresses were ordered and the funeral arrangements made. Even Bishop Leslie wrote from Jedburgh that "Her Majesty became deid and all her memberis cauld, her eine closit, mouth fast, and feit and armis stiff and cauld."

But Mary recovered, and M. le Croc, the French Ambassador, writing on 24th October, says that "in five or six days the Queen will be able to sign." Fifteen days after that, despite a relapse, she left Jedburgh for Craigmillar Castle, her healthiest home. But when we remember her sorry after-life, with the executioner's block at the hinder-end, can we wonder that Mary once sighed and said, "Would that I had died at Jedworth"?

We, too, take the old road up Rule Water, until we reach the high bare moors about Chapel o' Cross and Earlside. Up here on this perfect summer day, with the sunshine sklenting out of a sky that hangs with clouds, the visibility is splendid. The Border landscape rolls away from Ruberslaw to the Eildons, with the dim blue line of the Lammermoors, the Moorfoots, and the Tweedside hills making a heartsome horizon. Then, passing down the Whitterhope Burn, a sharp turn to the right up the pleasant water of Hermitage, and we are standing in wonder opposite the Castle.

A great grey stronghold, hoary with antiquity, sleeping amid the silence and sunshine on the side of this whispering stream, like an old warrior tired out after seven centuries of battle—how the







HERMITAGE CASTLE

crimson tides of war must have roared round these walls! So, in a dream of history, we cross the Hermitage Water by the wooden bridge and follow the path across the turf to the narrow postern door. The cows are browsing in the heat, and the place is as still as death. Within the narrow courtyard we stand in the deep shade and listen. Then the old-time stories, like the winds of memory, come souging through our souls.

Somewhere, away back in the dim days of the early centuries, a holy man must have set up his cell at Hermitage. Then Walter de Bolbeck granted "to God and St Mary and Brother William of Mercherley" the hermitage beside this very water which was then called the Merching Burn. Later on, in the thirteenth century, Liddesdale was in the hands of the De Soulis family, for a castle was built here by Nicholas de Soulis, who lived in the reigns of Alexander II. and Alexander III. In those days the Border was defined in this district by Liddel Water, and quite naturally Henry III. began to think that this new-made stronghold was too much of a menace to his English march. So in 1243 he invaded Scotland, and thus began the great struggle which for centuries raged round Hermitage.

How often the leasehold of this ancient keep changed from family to family of fighting Scots. From the great De Soulis to William de Douglas, and from Douglas to the Earl of Angus in 1398. Then came the Bold Buccleuchs, who were appointed governors of the Castle in the same century (1470) by the family of Angus. A hundred years

later Hermitage became the property of the Scotts of Buccleuch, into whose hands it fell through their connection with Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell. The Duke of Buccleuch thoroughly repaired the Castle in 1821, and it is to him we owe its present splendid state of preservation.

The very oldest part of Hermitage is the innermost wall of the original keep. The stones are clean-cut, square-dressed Norman blocks. The oblong larger keep which was next erected round the oldest part was built in the fourteenth century, the ruder stonework giving ample proof of its later date. Then in the fifteenth century great square extensions or towers were erected at the four corners of the earlier Castle, with an arch at either end to carry the upper defence works. So Hermitage stands to-day a splendidly preserved Border castle of three periods, like three Chinese boxes, one inside the other. Within the Castle itself there are two wells, a stone boiler, and a circular stone oven, the remains of a finely built wheel stairway, and many other details which delight the antiquary and the architect.

But the place of darkest memories is the dungeon. Down in that murderous hole many a sorry prisoner of a Soulis or Douglas languished to death. But there was one famous victim of whom we have before us to-day a written life—Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsey, sometime Warden of the Middle Marches and Sheriff of Teviotdale. Sir William Douglas, the Knight of Liddesdale, was then the keeper of the Castle. Ramsay, his enemy, as Fordun tells us, “surpassed all others of his

time in brave deeds and in bodily strength, whether in the field of battle or in the tournament.” Douglas by a trick of treachery seized Ramsay in 1342 while he was holding his Court as Sheriff of Teviotdale in the open church at Hawick, and having wounded the Sheriff when he was in the act of offering a seat to Douglas, the Keeper of Hermitage thus stained the flower of his chivalry, and threw poor Ramsay into the dungeon. No food whatever was supplied to the Sheriff, but tradition tells us that above the dungeon there was a granary, and that Sir Alexander lived for seventeen days on the grain that fell through the chinks of the floor above him. Then he died miserably of starvation. Five hundred years after, a mason who was at work restoring the Castle came upon the dungeon, and descending with a light into the chamber of horrors found some bones, an old-fashioned sword, and a bridle-bit of great antiquity, also a quantity of husks of oats! The bridle-bit was given to Sir Walter Scott, who in turn gave it to the ninth Earl of Dalhousie, one of Wellington’s generals and a distinguished soldier, like his ancestor, Sir Alexander Ramsay. The husks of oats? Well, that is another question, and our doubts are inflamed the more as we stand above the gaping hole in the floor and recognise that this chamber above was undoubtedly a guard-room (not a granary), with a shot-hole in the wall for the sentry. And yet a sympathetic sentry might easily himself have been the granary, especially when the prisoner was the bravest soldier in Scotland.

Coming out into the blazing heat again, we sit down by Hermitage Water and have lunch beneath a tree. The water is of a lovely golden-green colour, and in the still pools we can watch the lazy trout nosing their way up-stream, or hear them plopping in the summer silence. Even this golden stream entered into the natural defences of the Castle, for Hermitage Water flows in front, and on either side of the stronghold a little stream still flows down to meet the larger one.

A hundred yards or so up the water stands the chapel of Hermitage. It is a place of ruined walls now, about fifty feet by twenty-five, eloquent, crying out of holy things forgot, appealing in its very desolations. The stones are all square dressed like the early Norman stones in the Castle. Inside the walls we stand and mark the three altar steps, the primitive font leaning against the south wall, the ancient ash tree growing monstrously through the vacancy where the west window once burned red in the sunset. Two buttresses would seem to indicate a little chancel arch. No carving or ornament marred the simplicity of these early Norman chapels. Here is the arch of an early pointed window all cut out of one stone. Yonder are stone mullions with sinkings cut in them for the window glass. A rare litter of ancient stones, which would doubtless have been long ago removed but for the remoteness of Hermitage.

But most remarkable of all are the earthen defences of the chapel and the Castle, which may still be traced in the turf from the top of the little



hill to the north. Yonder round the Castle are the mounds of defence and the surrounding ditches. A line of green-grown ramparts runs all the way from the Castle to this round mound on the hill where we stand, then down in a straight line past the chapel to the waterside, with a ditch and rampart round the square of the churchyard itself. Hard-by the churchyard to the west lies a great rectangular rampart, like a Roman camp divided into three oblong spaces. Here may have stood many outbuildings. Another round mound at the extremity by the waterside completes the defences of this formidable stronghold.

And what of that grave-like mound between Hermitage Water and the wall of the consecrated God's-acre? Tradition says it is the Cout o' Keilder's grave. For the Cout, who was of great stature and desperate strength, came over from his stronghold in Northumberland on a hunting expedition to the ground of his greatest enemy, the wizard de Soulis of Hermitage. John Leyden tells us in his "Cout o' Keilder" that the great man's wife warned him not to go.

Gin you will ride on the Scottish side  
Sore must thy Margaret mourn,  
For Soulis abhorr'd is Lydalls' lord,  
And I fear you'll ne'er return.

But, then as now, the wilful man must have his way, and the Cout was soon hacking a bloody lane through the ranks of Soulis on Hermitage Water. He was fey with slaughtering, and was just getting near his arch-enemy, when he was

overwhelmed by numbers and received a wound. They drove him then into the water, where, encumbered by his heavy armour, he fought and fell like a stag at bay. Up again he got on his feet, but they pushed him down again and again. Oh brave Cout, what of thy Margaret's words now? For, just then Soulis and his men actually held him down in the water until he was drowned like a ratten under a bank. Then they buried him outside the pale of holy church, under this grassy mound, unoriented and unblessed. Thus the great Cout (chief) o' Keilder perished. Standing here on the green howe, we rub our chins in doubt again—for, when this mound was opened years ago, no herculean bones were found. Oh, horrid battle of Romance and Fact—how we hate the reasonable issue! But, even while our cool heads accept the Fact, our hot hearts, inflamed by old songs and ancient chivalries, cling to the Romance.

The seven or eight miles from Hermitage to Ewes Water and the Moss paul Burn are unrivalled in the borderland for lonely grandeur. These high hills and wild cleuchs, with their gashes and burn courses, must have been fell reiving regions long ago. The men fought, the women wept, and the little bairns ran fatherless on the braes. You can hear the bridle-bits jingling, the horses galloping, the swords clashing on breastplate and helm, while the bugle sounds adown the dale. Caerlanrig, Teviothead, Branxholm Tower, and Goldielands—how the old life and romance of the Border sings in the soul as we sweep down Teviotdale!

A mist of memory broods and floats,  
The Border waters flow,  
The air is full of ballad notes  
Borne out of long ago.

And then, as we creep past the little thatched cottage of John Leyden in Denholm village—that scholarly pundit and understudy of the great Sir Walter—the sun is setting in all its glory and we climb the steps of Spital Tower and look out of the open windows on the new-made hay, that lies so sweet and fragrant now, in the evening light beyond the lawn.

## VIII

# IN THE LAP OF THE LOWTHERS

### A DREAM OF DURISDEER

It was a day of beauty—blue, windless, and warm—when we made our way down the Dalveen Pass. We sat on the heather near a grave at Troloss, with the Mayday sun beaking down on us in the silence of noon, until the solemn green sheephills became instinct with memories of the long ago, when here in Dalveen and over yonder in Enterkin the Covenanters were hunted by Bloody Clavers and his troopers. The only thing that outmatched the external glories of the day was the inner sough of the Covenant that kept sounding through the heart, like a wandering wind with a wail in it. The lonely cry of a whaup above Comb Head,

That queer wild cry frae the gurly sky  
Can tirl my heart-strings still—;

the grave over yonder on the next knoll, with

The banes that lie  
Streiket there in their hinmost sleep—;

the thought of Kirkbride and Durisdeer, those twin kirkyards of incomparable memories—these things send a surge of old-time sentiments through the



THE OLD BRIDGE, JEDBURGH





soul, and with a mysterious suddenness on this day of shimmering beauty a mist began to gather on the face of Comb Head where no mist was.

Durisdeer was our trysting-place, but it was still a long step down the Carron Water out of this stey glenhead into the rich pasturelands that lie below the mill.

Yonder it is at last—the kirkyard of our dreams! A square grey tower rises above a clump of trees, and a handful of houses clusters round the ancient shrine of St Cuthbert. A hot silence lies over the kirk, the cottages, and the graves, as we pass in at the iron gate. Here surely is a place that has been well beloved of the country folk, both gentle and simple; for the dead lie crowded together and well happit.

Out-by—the kirk, like a cross, stands grey and austere, with its tower against the sky, and the great trees all around to shelter both the living and the dead from the ill winds of the world. Beyond the trees lie the round green hills; these homely arms of earth, our mother. A touch of heather here, and a deep red scaur yonder, like a blood-stained gash in the green—and far away to the south-west beyond the lands of Nith, a shimmering line of dim hills again, from Cairnkinny to Tynrun-doon, ethereal, heavenly, pure. Such is this old kirkyard of Durisdeer which lies like a tale of life that is told, in a lap of the Lowthers.

What wild inclemencies and wintry winds must sometimes blow about the kirk itself! What dazzling drift must cover the graves, when the snow smoors up the old square door! But now, in

the warm afternoon, the murmur of the kirk burn near-by and the hum of insects in the trees make the only sounds.

Up there, above the door, is an ancient sundial that has marked time for many generations, and its date, 1699, leaves us in no doubt as to the age of the kirk. Here lies the tomb of Daniel M'Michael, brother to James, the Black M'Michael, who himself shot the curate of Carsphairn. It was this same Daniel who was afterwards shot up at Dalveen for his adherence to the Covenanted Faith.

Read the names on the headstones, and the romance of many a bein farm town and shepherd's cottage comes over the mind like the lilt of an old song. Chanlockfoot, Glenmanna, Camplebridge, Drumereuil, Hapland, Humbiehome, and Kirkbride! They are all there, and to whisper them over is to feel that grip at the heart which means so much to a Lowland Scot.

Inside the kirk we step softly. Here is the great mausoleum of the Queensberrys, with its ancient marble tomb and its four-pillared marble canopy brought from Rome. In Durisdeer the great James Douglas (1622-1711), 2nd Duke of Queensberry, and his Duchess, with many another of his noble house, lie side by side with their own shepherds from the hills. For when it comes to the hinmost sleep we lay aside all our differences and lie together in the same bed, the green grass our only covering.

Here on the window-sill lie two ancient wrought-iron relics—the brackets for the preacher's hour-glass, and the baptismal bowl. These things are all rust-eaten and derelict now—but the sight of

them calls up pictures of the past. How many in days gone by must have watched with wearied eyes the preacher's hand turning the sand-glass when the sermon was long, and the same hand sprinkling the water from the bowl on the little ones' faces !

The pulpit of Durisdeer stands with its back to the tomb of the Queensberrys, separated only by a great glass screen. Its plain deal boards, the square pews with a little table in the centre of each, the ample galleries and the austere walls—it is all here as it has ever been in our ancient country kirks. In the vestry hangs a Roll of Honour, that sign of our own times' sacrifice. Again the old fight for freedom, and Daniel M'Michael out-by is kin to some whose names are hanging there in the vestry to-day.

But when we enter the most ancient part of the old kirk of Durisdeer we see in the dim light enormous walls, stone fireplaces, built-up windows, and great oaken beams fastened with wooden pins, all of which call up visions of monks and lay brothers at meat in the refectory, or reading missals round the winter fires. For as far back as 1570 the kirk of St Cuthbert at Durisdeer was served from the Cathedral of St Mungo. The old tortuous stair to the tower, the rotting beams, the beadle's bell-rope ready for his hand as he enters this ancient place of memories to sound a summons for God's folk to come and pray—it is all a mingling of the old and the new, the dead and the living, the present and the past.

Outside in the sunshine sitting by M'Michael's grave, we see the whole tragic story played over again. There had been a handful of the M'Michael

band surprised by fifty soldiers who found them sleeping in a shieling in Morton parish. All the men of the Covenant escaped except Daniel M'Michael, who was ailing. The soldiers, who were commanded by John Dalziel, son of Sir Robert Dalziel of Kirkmichael—as the tombstone tells—wounded poor M'Michael while taking him, and carried him off that night to the kirk of Durisdeer. Did he spend the night in that same old part of the kirk where we have just seen the old beams and the ample fireplaces? For it was mid-winter, and doubtless the logs blazed on the open hearth, as the soldiers sat warming themselves just as the monks had done in ages past. The captain tried to force M'Michael's tongue, but his prisoner would say nothing to hurt his friends. Then, death as a threat was shaken in his face.

“Do you not know that your life is in my hand?” cried Dalziel.

“No, sir; I know my life is in the Lord's hand, and if He see good, He can make you the instrument to take it away.”

Then he was told he must die on the morrow.

That night he enjoyed a time of such communion with God that some of the rough troopers envied his tranquillity and were pricked in their own consciences.

Next day, the 31st of January 1685, he was taken to Enterkin, where he himself had been one of the rescuers in the affair when the Black M'Michael, the fowler of Maxwellton, with an unerring shot had sent Sergeant Kelt tumbling, dead, down the steep hillside into the linn below, which bears his name to





WHITEKIRK, BEFORE THE FIRE



this day. Little wonder the soldiers made for Enterkin Pass now with Daniel M'Michael—that gloomy way of death up which the frightened country folks were accustomed to drag local suicides on sledges to bury them on the no-man's-land of the Lowthers where three lairds' properties met. But on this January day the pass was so full of drifted snow that Dalziel had to turn aside. He took his prisoner over to John Hoatson's farm at Nether Dalveen, and there they halted for fear of an ambushade.

Liberty was granted to Daniel M'Michael to pray. While he prayed aloud the soldiers were filled with wonder at the outgait of his petitions. Then he sang part of the 42nd Psalm :—

O why art thou cast down, my soul,  
Why thus with grief opprest ?

He read the sixteenth chapter of St John :—

A little while, and ye shall not see me . . . in  
the world ye shall have tribulation : but be of good  
cheer ; I have overcome the world.

Sitting here by his grave to-day we can almost hear the reading, the singing and the prayer. But there comes another sound—sharp, quick, familiar. For at the crack of four muskets Daniel M'Michael lay dead on the snow-white fields of the dark Dalveen.

And this old ash tree by the grave ? It was planted by Prophet Peden's own hand in remembrance of his old friend. It has burst once more into greenery, and we touch it with reverence

to-day ; for, sitting in the silence and the sunshine, we know that its fresh, new leaves are a symbol of Eternal Life. This martyr of the Covenant ; all who have died in the flat lands across the Channel seas ; the Roll of Honour in the Durisdeer vestry ; stand for the same thing through all the centuries, wherever men live and fight and die for faith and freedom.

And ere we leave this old kirkyard of Durisdeer, there is one more song which we hear and sometimes sing. It was written by one who kept tryst with her beloved in this same quiet place of graves. We too know the tryst word, and have come to-day to keep our tryst here.

We'll meet nae mair at sunset, when the weary day is  
dune,  
Nor wander hame thegither, by the lee licht o' the mune !  
I'll hear your step nae langer, among the dewy corn,  
For we'll meet nae mair my bonniest, either at eve or  
morn.

The yellow broom is waving abune the sunny brae,  
And the rowan berries dancing, where the sparkling  
waters play.  
Tho' a' is bright and bonnie, it's an eerie place to me,  
For we'll meet nae mair, my dearest, either by burn or  
tree.

Far up into the wild hills, there's a kirkyard auld and still,  
Where the frosts lie ilka morning, and the mists hang low  
and chill.  
And there ye sleep in silence, while I wander here my  
lane,  
Till we meet ance mair in heaven, never to part again.  
LADY JOHN SCOTT.

## IX

### EAST LoTHIAN

#### THE GARDEN OF SCOTLAND

##### I

BLESSED be the man who lights the fire on his first hearthstone within a morning's walk of Lammerlaw, or sets out on the great adventure of life and love beneath the shadow of Soutra. Then will the Lammermoors for ever be to him the Hills of Home. Although he may travel wide and far, his heart will keep turning to that eastland country where the winds blow caller from the cleuchs. The landscape, whose northern bounds is the restless sea and whose southern boundary is the heather, falls away from the edge of the moors in billows of green fields and corn-lands to meet the North Sea that breaks on the rocks and yellow sands which mark the coast of the shire of Haddington.

Standing by the Watering Stone on Soutra, you can sweep in with the eye the whole of this garden of Scotland—from the Pentlands to the Bass and the dim blue waters of the Forth with the Fife lands beyond ; and—if the day be a snell one in spring, with a touch of north wind to clear your vision—far furth the Forth to the cloud-like Braes of Angus.

At night the darkness is lit most wondrously by those stars of the sea which wink out safety to the mariner—Inchkeith, one long flash; Fidra, two flashes; the May Isle, four; and the Bass, six. In all this land, there is nothing rugged or wild, like the scenery of the Highlands. The hills are round, and restful. The laigh lands are rich beyond a crofter's dreams, with the very finest of wheat and corn and sheep. Dotted over the rolling campaign are shrines of history, and old ancestral halls whose names are linked with the best blood in Scotland.

A man of sentiment may be excused if he traces with a loving eye the rough bounds of the county on which he gazed daily, from the windows of his first home. East Lothian thrusts its seaboard northwards in a great semicircle of rocks and sandy dunes and grassy links, from Prestonpans to the Dunglass Burn, near Cockburnspath. The boundary line creeps up from the Forth, past the old Tower of Elphingstone and the kirk of Ormiston, following the Linndeane Water to Lowrie's Den on Soutra Hill. Then, it wanders eastward over Ninecairn Edge to Lammerlaw, takes in the Kilpallet Heights and just touches the Fasney Water. It continues east by St Agnes and makes a little thrust down to Cranshaws Kirk on the Whiteadder. Finally it swings round Monynut Edge and across the headwaters of the Eye, until, following the Berwick Burn and the Dunglass Burn, it loses itself in the sea below Bilsdean.

Like Gaul of old, East Lothian is divided into three parts—the Hill Parishes in the lonely Lammer-

moors ; the Central Parishes of the plain, which run for twenty miles from Tranent to Dunbar ; and the Seaboard Parishes which encircle the coast from Prestonpans to Cockburnspath. So there are three distinct tribes in the county—the sheepfolk of the Lammermoors ; the farming folk who live on the rich lands that lie on both sides of the River Tyne ; and the golfing folk who swarm along the coast line in summer, and play the ancient game on the finest chain of sea-links in Scotland. The Tyne Water begins as a mere dribble of a burn near the old inn on Middleton Moor and dissects the county from end to end, flowing into the sea near St Baldred's Cradle in Belhaven Bay.

It takes an intelligent tramp years to know East Lothian and a whole lifetime is not long enough to love it. Who would not linger on a warm September day in the old-world villages of Gifford, Garvald, Stenton, and Spott, each with a sleepy atmosphere all its own, but Spott being more notorious than any, because here on Sunday, 24th September 1570, Rev. John Kello the parson of Spott strangled his wife in the manse and immediately went into the church and preached to his people as if nothing had happened ! There are lonely spots like Pressmennan Loch, or the Hill Road near Priestlaw, where you may light your fire and count on solitude for a companion. But those who have ettlings after a day or two of crowded pleasure, have only to foregather at Levenhall and follow me along the high road to Haddington and they will see this land of plenty stretching away on every side.



Great men of history meet us, one by one, like daylight ghosts as we travel towards Haddington. Already we have passed Pinkie with a painful twist in the heart, for there in 1547 that great Englishman Somerset, thrashed us, in a vain attempt to make us break the Auld Alliance with France. In that little ruined Tower of Dolphingston tradition still has it that Cromwell once stayed. But surely the ghost of an ill-used wife still flits about old Preston-grange House down yonder ! Till 1770 it was the home of that notorious Lord of Session, Lord Grange, who was outwardly a very pious presbyterian, but inwardly an unscrupulous political schemer. It is an ill thing for any man to judge between another man and his wife. But, even in those old days, surely a wife had her rights ! Whatever, therefore, may have been the truth of the rumours about the lady, Lord Grange the pious lawyer determined to get rid of her. So, one day in 1732, he calmly announced that my Lady Grange had died suddenly. The countryside condoled with him and there was a solemn funeral, with my Lord sniffing like a hypocrite in crape and weepers behind the hearse. But, while the earth was thudding down on the empty coffin in the grave, the sorrowing husband was wondering how his hired thieves, the Highland rascals, were getting on. They had gagged and kidnapped the poor lady in Edinburgh, carried her off first to the Lowlands, then to that wild Vale of Weeping, Glencoe, and finally to the shores of Loch Hourn, which to this day is called the Loch of Hell. From that mischancy region they shipped her to the



loneliest rock off the Outer Hebrides—St Kilda. There she lived for years. No provisions were sent to her. She was entirely dependent on the kindness of the local minister. In 1740 a letter written by her reached the Lord Advocate, and she was removed, first to Assynt, and later on to Skye. She died there in the year of the great rebellion, 1745, and was buried in Trumpan Kirkyard. During the investigations which followed, that pious rascal, her husband, pursed his lips in injured innocence, and falling back on man's oldest excuse, he blamed the woman. But the real reason of his action probably was, that he wished to prevent the poor lady from revealing his own Jacobite intrigues. An old story now, but it is nailed to the door of Preston Grange.

There is another sough of the Forty-Five near Prestonpans station, for it was there that Bonny Prince Charlie gained his nameliest victory over that late riser, Sir John Cope. It was largely owing to the help of young Anderson of Whitburgh that the Jacobites defeated the English, for he pointed out the only safe way through a local swamp. This enabled the Highlanders to surprise Cope's army by a night manœuvre. So, the dawn saw the clean heels of Cope's chargers galloping eastward, and the victorious Highlanders gathering loot to their hearts' content. Only one heroic figure stood out in Cope's army—Colonel Gardiner, a true soldier and a Christian gentleman, whose house of Bankton you can see, and whose birth-place you will find commemorated by a tablet let into the garden wall of the old house of

Burnfoot, near Carriden, twenty-five miles further up the Forth. In the *mêlée* he bravely stood his ground encouraging his men, until he fell mortally wounded.

Further along our road the old Collegiate Church and Castle of Seton remind us that Queen Mary was a frequent visitor in these parts. Indeed, just two days after the murder of Darnley she arrived here on a Sunday with Bothwell. She won an archery match with him against Seton and Huntly, and the losers afterwards entertained the Queen and Bothwell to dinner in an inn at Tranent.

At Tranent coal was first worked in Scotland. In a chartulary of Newbattle Abbey there is a charter of Seyer de Quincey about the year 1210, granting to the monks of Newbattle *Insuper carbonarium in territoria de Travernent*. At the battle of Pinkie in 1547 the folks of Tranent hid in the workings, but the English lighted fires at the entrances and suffocated them. Until the year 1775 coal-miners were practically serfs or indentured criminals, and were sold or transferred along with the pit in which they worked. The men dug the coal, while the women hauled it in wheel-less hutches, creeping on hands and knees, harnessed to the hutch. They also carried it in baskets on their back up long ladders or spiral stair-cases to the surface. As punishment for slight faults the miners were sometimes yoked in iron collars and made to draw gins, under the lash of a whip, or they were tied behind a horse and forced to go backwards all day. Memories are long, and this old sad story has left its mark to-day. When the

pendulum of history swings, who can tell how far it will go in the other direction ?

To the south of Tranent, the Tower of Elphinstone can be seen—an old fifteenth-century Scots keep, with walls twelve feet thick which are honey-combed with secret rooms. Here George Wishart was brought from Ormiston Hall to face Cardinal Beaton. A certain young man called John Knox, who was tutor to the boys at Longniddry House, wished to go with him. But Wishart said : “Nay—return to your bairns, and God bless you. One is sufficient for a sacrifice.” Not long afterwards, Beaton looked out of his window at St Andrews and saw Wishart burning in the faggot fires. But time is a whirligig, and soon we see the Cardinal’s dead body hanging over the battlements of his own castle at St Andrews—an example of the old sad law of revenge which is older than history.

But, nothing taigles a tramp on his day’s journey worse (or better) than old stories, old houses, and these day-light ghosts of history.

The road now leads us through the little village of Gladsmuir—the moor of the Glad or hawk. Here, in the old manse, lived Robertson the historian, who afterwards became the Principal of Edinburgh University. In Gladsmuir also, George Heriot, or “Jingling Geordie,” spent his early days—that truly thrifty Scots Goldsmith, who followed James VI. to London, and combined moneylending and jewel selling to the Queen and courtiers so successfully, that he amassed a fortune, and left £23,000 to build the hospital which is one of the glories of Auld Reekie to-day.

This road runs practically on the broad backbone of East Lothian. A few miles more, and we are at the entrance to one of the most delightful county towns in Scotland.

Haddington always reminds me of an old man dozing in the heat of a summer garden. The town sleeps to-day in the sunshine, lown and quiet, as if no storms of history had ever roared through its streets. Set, like a gem in the hollow of rich lands and orchards, with luscious fruits ripening on old walls, this ancient burgh has all the amenities of a rural metropolis—a slow running river, an old parish church, quaint streets, a weekly market, antique buildings and cloistered suburbs with dignified houses dreaming amid old-fashioned gardens. Through mists of blue-grey beauty the waters of the sluggish stream reflect the red tiles and crumbling walls of houses that are centuries old.

Haddington was a royal burgh in the time of David I. William the Lion sometimes stayed here. Alexander II. was born in the palace. But from century to century the town was sorely mishandled. The English burned it again and again. They besieged it, harassed it, occupied it. King John, Edward IV., Hotspur, Hertford, Cromwell—they all set the torch to Haddington or in some way sent war roaring through its streets. But, since the day that Johnny Cope clattered through it from Prestonpans in 1745, the old town has slept in peace. So Haddington is like an old veteran of war, dozing quietly in his chair among the flowers and fruits of the monks' garden, the fight all gone out of him, as if he had never swung a broad-sword and cried

“Come on !” Yet, Johnstoun, in one of his seventeenth century epigrams, gave Haddington its true character when he wrote :—

Next unto Berwick, Haddington faced all  
The greatest dangers, and was Scotland’s wall.

A famous Abbey was founded here in 1178 by Ada, Countess of Northumberland, widow of Prince Henry, the son of David I., and the mother of Malcolm IV. and William the Lion. But the monastery, which stood further down the river than the present church, has in the course of many burnings disappeared. It was this beautiful church, and not the present Parish Church of St Mary, that John Major called *Lampas Laudonide*, and that became so widely known as the Lamp of Lothian.

When in Haddington I am never tempted to dwell so much on the many details of its chequered history, as on the great men who lived there. There is something very bald about stone cut records like the one you will find on a house near the High Street, to this effect :—

On the Fourth Day of October 1775, the River  
Tyne at three o’clock afternoon rose to this plate—  
“Quod non noctu deo gratias nemo enim periit.”

I would rather see some proof that John Knox was born in Haddington, for that siccary man of faith is said to have acted as a notary within its walls from 1540 to 1543.

But in all my tramps through Haddington, I never fail to visit three places.



The first in the Kirkyard of St Mary's. There within the ruined choir can be seen the tombs of Chancellor Maitland of Lethington, brother of Queen Mary's secretary ; the Duke of Lauderdale of evil fame ; and Jane Welsh, the wife of Thomas Carlyle. Dean Ramsay tells us that Williamson, the Duke of Buccleuch's huntsman, was returning home one afternoon from the chase, and as he passed this same old kirk he saw an old woman holding the grating in front of the Lauderdale Tomb, girning and dancing with rage as she looked through. "Eh, gudewife," said Williamson, "what ails ye?" "It's the Duke o' Lauderdale!" screamed she of the covenanting sympathies; "Eh, if I could only win at him, I wad rax the banes o' him."

But it is the thought of Jane Welsh that haunts us in Haddington. This bright genius of a woman was linked in wedlock with that gruff philosopher and man of letters, Thomas Carlyle. For forty years he tried the patience of his brilliant sharp-tongued wife—the little Mocking Bird as she was called—who had, on her own confession, married from ambition. True, he loved her all the time, in his own silent, bear-like way. Then, after she was gone, the old man, full of regrets, came creeping into this ruined choir in the twilight, like a shadow of himself, and kissed the tombstone on which he wrote the most pathetic tribute of love that any man ever carved on his wife's tomb :—

In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the



true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died in London, 21st April 1866, suddenly snatched from him, and the light of his life as if gone out.

Return after this to the High Street and visit the fine old house of Dr Welsh, where Carlyle, succeeding Edward Irving as tutor (and lover), taught Jane Welsh in a little room. In the stately drawing-room, with the Adams mantelpiece and woodpanelling round the tall window which looks across the gardens to the dim blue hills, they first met. Down in that sweet old garden, they dreamed their dreams of love—or, was it only ambition? To this home of her childhood Jane Welsh returned after many years, to remember many heart-breaks. Yonder, on the garden path Carlyle stood on the day of the funeral, gazing up at the room where they first met, as if his heart would break. We never love the old man more than just then, for the frozen love had melted when the little Mocking Bird was dead. If only he had kissed her oftener during these forty years when she served him, there would have been no need to kiss a cold tombstone in the ruined aisle when it was—too late!

After this, if you wish to match the prodigious learning of Carlyle, you have only to step across to another street and go up a queer little entry, and there you will see the old manse and kirk of John Brown of Haddington—that miracle of Scots scholarship who taught himself Greek by a system of his own devising while he herded sheep near Aber-

nethy. Like Abraham Lincoln, who had less than twelve months' schooling, John Brown had a very meagre curriculum—only a quarter or two at school and one month at Latin. Yet the church of that day suspected young Brown of troking with the devil, because he had contrived to learn Greek without a master. Alexander Moncrieff, the minister—saintly Culfargie—with all the elders, kept him under suspension for a time before they would grant him a “testificate” of membership, because he was suspected of dealing in “Black Magic.”

When he was only sixteen, John Brown penned his sheep one evening, walked twenty-four miles to St Andrews, where he arrived the following morning, and entering a bookshop asked for a Greek Testament. A professor who happened to be in the shop—was it Pringle of the Greek Chair, we wonder?—looked at the rough-clad boy and noticed that he had bare feet.

“My boy, if you can read that Greek Testament you'll have it for nothing.”

The herd lad read the passage correctly, got his Testament for nothing, and by supper time was reading it among his sheep. That little Greek Testament to-day is priceless, for it symbolises the Scots scholarship which has always been the glory of our frugal democracy.

Look up at that little window above the door of the manse, and who can remember without a stound of pride that John Brown studied there without a fire, and could read not only Latin and Greek, but Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Persian, Ethiopic, French, Spanish, Dutch, German, and Italian! Go behind

and look at that quaint little kirk, and remember again that David Hume, the atheistical philosopher, once said of him—"That's the man for me—he means what he says—he speaks as if Christ was at his elbow!"

## X

### EAST LOTHIAN

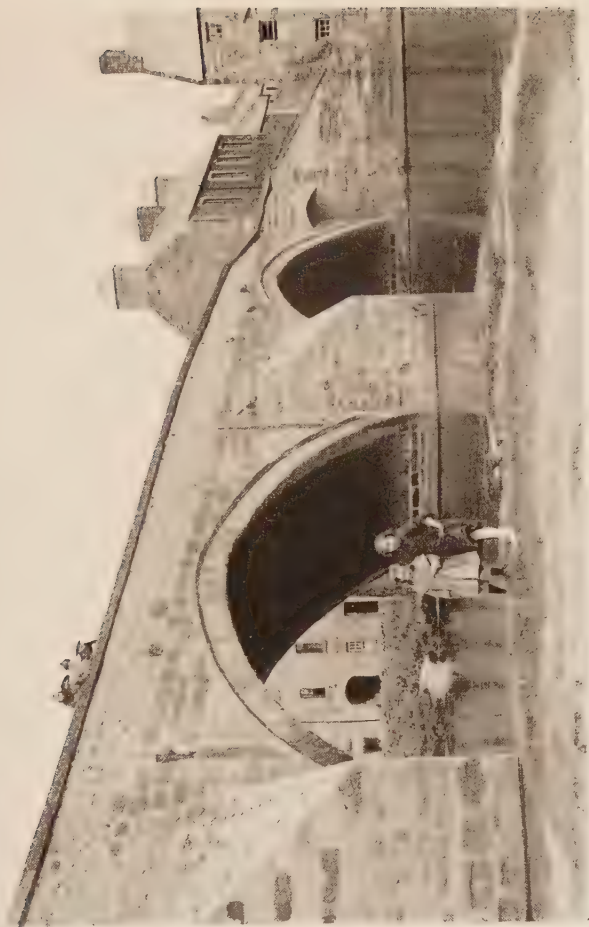
#### THE GARDEN OF SCOTLAND

## II

WITH thoughts of this prodigious scholar, who was the ancestor of many famous Browns, we take our way out of Haddington by Bothwell's Tower, and are soon spinning along the five miles of that perfectly flat road to East Linton, past Amisfield House, which is now being demolished. Alas for the old stately homes and the ancient families—they are slowly disappearing, like Amisfield. This road runs above the valley of the Tyne all the way. The ruined Castle of Hailes on the riverside reminds us of Bothwell, that notorious laird of Lothian, who was the blood-guilty third husband of Mary Queen of Scots. Beyond Hailes tower rises the lumpy mass of Traprain Law.

Traprain is the key to East Lothian, for from this hill the whole county takes its name of Loth's Land.

The old story has it that, about the year 518, Loth the Pictish king lived in the neighbourhood. The valuable hoard of ancient silver found recently on Traprain Law proves that the hill must have been



NUNGATE BRIDGE, HADDINGTON





a famous fort in olden times. Loth had an only daughter called Thenew, who outraged her royal father by falling in love with a shepherd. Loth condemned her to death and ordered that she should be thrown over the rocky Traprain. But, by a miracle, she was not killed, and a crystal spring sprang from the spot on which she fell. The chagrined and unnatural father commanded then that she should be set adrift on the Firth of Forth in a coracle. The frail boat drifted out to the Isle of May on the ebb tide and drifted back again on the flood, until the poor princess was cast ashore far up the Forth at Culross. Here she was rescued by the shepherd monks of St Serf. She gave birth to a son whom Serf called Kentigern—that “Chief Lord” whose saintly name in after years became Mungo, or “The Loveable Man.” He set up his cell by the green banks of the Molindinar Burn, where the Cathedral of St Mungo now stands, in the heart of Glasgow. The name of St Mungo’s mother, the Princess Thenew, was afterwards corrupted into Enoch. How many people to-day who buy their tickets at St Enoch Station in Glasgow know anything of this great romance which is woven round the name of St Mungo’s mother!

East Linton, or Preston Kirk, is the haunt of artists. In this village were born John Pettie, Martin Hardie, Arthur Melville, and others. It has all the qualities that go to the making of a painter’s paradise—an ancient bridge over the Tyne, a quaint mill, and a group of mellow red-tiled houses clustering about a picturesque bend of the river,

with a flat landscape whose perpetual charm consists of great level swathes of colour that blend in the misty distance under a limitless sky. A step or two down the river will bring you to the Kirk of Preston, and if you wish to find an old-world house with a fairy name, just at the back door of Linton on the Dunbar road, you will find it in Phantassie. There is a fine old mill on the farm of Phantassie, and as we stand looking at its queer red-tiled, conical roof our thoughts fly to London town, for here was born John Rennie, the great engineer who built London Bridge in 1831. When we remember that about 30,000 vehicles and over 100,000 people pass over that bridge every day, our eyes turn to Linton Bridge and we wonder how often must John Rennie have thought of sleepy Phantassie when the roar of London was about him !

But these old tales taigle us, and we have still five miles to go before we can stand in the High Street of Dunbar.

Dunbar is often drenched in spindrift, and the ruined castle on the cliff is drenched in history. A snell place in winter is this old East Lothian town, where the nor'-east gales blow through the streets, and there is a tang of strength in the atmosphere even on the sunniest day. The sixteenth-century town house, once a prison, has now been restored, and its clean picked walls shelter an ancient cross, which stands in one corner by the entrance. Rocky shores, sandy coves, great seas tumbling in from the most restless ocean round Britain, a fine golf course, and health at every door—little wonder that Dunbar is never without visitors.

But, to a man whose soul is alive with a sense of the past, stories of olden days sough round that old castle like the ghostly winds of twilight.

Here in 1072 landed Gospatric, Earl of Northumbria, in his flight from William the Conqueror, and founded the family of the Earls of Dunbar and March. Out yonder, by the Doon Hill of Spott, was fought the first Battle of Dunbar, when in 1296 Edward I. subdued the town and castle. On almost the same ground the second Battle of Dunbar was fought in 1650, when Cromwell defeated the Scots. Here we touch a sore point in our national history. For Leslie, the Scots general, urged on against his better judgment by a committee of clerics, deliberately descended from his safe position on the hill to a fatal one on the level ground ; scripture texts ousted Scots broad swords at Dunbar. The result was disaster. Leslie's movement gave the hard-pressed Cromwell an ecstatic joy. The battle was turned into a disgraceful rout which meant a loss of 3000 dead for the Scots and 10,000 prisoners for the English. The English lost only thirty men. We wince to-day when we remember Dunbar Drove.

If that old castle could speak it could tell us of many a grim game of Scots and English. Here Mary and Darnley supped after the murder of David Rizzio. Here, too, Mary supped with Bothwell after the murder of Darnley. Here she mounted her horse and rode to the fatal field of Carberry Hill. Three husbands, two murders, and a lost crown by the time she was twenty-six, with execution for herself at the hinder-end ! Was there ever such a

queen of love, mistress of beauty and daughter of danger as Mary Queen of Scots !

Round these very roads in 1745 lay a shameful litter of arms and accoutrements, as Sir John Cope and his soldiers galloped helter skelter from Prince Charlie and his Highlanders at Prestonpans. A siccary place of Scots frolics and bloody memories is this same Dunbar.

So we leave it by way of Belhaven and at the cross-roads turn northwards across the Tyne by Tynninghame and Binning Wood, until we reach that quiet place of ancient pilgrimage—St Mary's, Whitekirk. No wonder this place was once called Fair Knowe—for, from the little hill on which the venerable building stands there is a wide and wonderful view of the neighbouring country. Whitekirk is steeped in legendry. St Baldred built his cell here in the seventh century. Five hundred years ago, Walter Bowmaker told how an invading English soldier tried to snatch a ring from the image of the Virgin, but a crucifix fell from above and broke the wrist of the unholy thief. The ship also which bore away the precious plate and gems from Whitekirk foundered at the mouth of the Tyne. For centuries the holy well of Whitekirk was a place of pilgrimage, no fewer than 15,653 pilgrims visiting it from all nations in 1413. And here is a Vatican tale ! Pope Pius himself—then a young man known to scholars as Aeneas Sylvius—came here as a pilgrim in 1435, walking all the way from Dunbar to Whitekirk on the frosty ground on his bare feet. Little wonder that he suffered ever afterwards from rheumatism.

Stand to-day in the sun and look at the warm tints on the old red sandstone, at the pointed roof, the square tower and the crumbling porch and you will realise something of the pricelessness of this pre-reformation shrine of Mary. Then, perhaps, you will shudder at the vandalism of those fanatic women who set fire to Whitekirk in the year 1914. But, time is a healer of many wounds, and Whitekirk has been restored again. The old monkish Tithe Barn, which stands on the hill behind, incorporates an ancient peel tower, which may have been part of the original Pilgrim's House. Truly, history broods over Sleepy Whitekirk like the summer silence.

To the north of Whitekirk stands the farm of Gleghornie, the birthplace of John Major, that Scottish scholar of European fame who taught John Knox, Patrick Hamilton, and George Buchanan. Did ever a man have three such pupils! He was an out and out mediævalist, having no troke with the Reformed Faith. He won for himself an almost supernatural reputation in Paris, where Louis Coronel of Segovia wrote: "Our Master John Major, whose learning will commend him not only to posterity but to Eternity." But Robert Senalis excelled Louis, where he added: "John Major flies on his own wings higher than the clouds would carry him till he passes above all spirits in Sublimity." This son of a humble serf at Gleghornie was the friend and equal of Gavin Douglas, who was born in the adjoining castle of Tantallon—in feudal times, a wonderful proof of John Major's greatness.

When we top the hill at Auldham what a wonder-



ful view there is on a blue-white sunny day! Tantallon and the Bass! Visions rise before us at the very names. Tantallon—that stronghold of the Douglasses for two centuries, which later became a state prison for such grandees as the Duchess of Albany and the Lord of the Isles. The Bass—that bluff rock rising out of the sea with its ugly cliffs and sloping roof of turf, its winking lighthouse and its bitter memories. No sea-washed island prison round our shores can compare with the Bass, whose very name spelled death. Here many a Covenanter was confined—John Blackadder, Gordon of Earlston, Alexander Peden, Fraser of Brea, and not a few lairds and ministers of the outed kirk.

“It’s an unco place the Bass,” said Black Andy, and no wonder.

Down at Canty Bay, the port of the Bass, that old inn has sheltered kings’ men and Covenanters, smugglers from the fastnesses of the Lammermoors and pirates from the Low Countries. These golden sands, these quiet grassy braes which are covered with primroses in spring and wild flowers in summer, these silent creeks where the little waves gluck mysteriously on the dark nights—they have seen many a dastardly deed and many a good man in the throes of trouble. Tantallon, the Bass, and Canty Bay—gaze at them long enough as you sit in silence above the cove, you will feel the very creeps of history in your soul.

Three miles more and you are walking through the clean streets of that pleasant place, North Berwick. The Law dominates the little town as



the Bass dominates the sea. In mediæval times North Berwick was ruled by the feudal Lords of Tantallon. A hundred years ago it was an obscure royal burgh. To-day, kings, princes, prime ministers, and all and sundry meet on the golfing greens as brothers in a democratic sport. It was that same John Major, who in 1521 wrote of women that "they ought to be kept apart from men, as it were, by a red-hot line." But now! The nunnery of the place is in ruins and fair women swing the club in daily comradeship with their lovers.

If Dunbar is a place of snell winds and angry rocks, North Berwick, with its kindlier air and miles of green links edged with sand, deals more gently with the seeker after health. The golf ball rules the town. Indeed, on the sea fringe of Haddington you cannot get away from golf, for from North Berwick, round the coast by Gullane to Aberlady, there is an unbroken series of famous links stretching for six or seven miles.

Dirleton is only a couple of miles farther on. You come suddenly on it and find it full of an old-world atmosphere. You can dream of Crusaders in Dirleton. In the twelfth-century castle of the family of De Vaux, with its fine gateway, its moat, its tortuous passages and its oubliette you have the ideal of an ancient feudal lordship, which takes you back at one leap of the imagination to the times of knight-errantry. To make the ruin all the more picturesque, it is set in gardens which blaze with colour against the sombre yew trees. At its very gates you have the church, the castle inn, peaceful cottages and a little school all grouped round a

village green. Great trees throw their ageless arms about the sequestered world of Dirleton, which is surely the loveliest village in all the Lothians.

From this fairy burgh of lost romance we soon emerge on the open sweep of flat green lands round about Gullane, with glorious views across the county to the dim blue Lammermoors. Golf and Gullane come naturally to the tongue. But it was not always so. Time was when these great green links made an ideal training ground for race-horses under the famous George Dawson. The next village is Aberlady, and it is curious to remember that in olden times Aberlady was the port of Haddington; its harbour, however, was silted up long ago.

Here, the countryside is dotted with old historic houses—Luffness, which stands on the site of a fort that our friends of the Auld Alliance, the French, built in 1549 to prevent the landing of provisions for the English garrison in Haddington; Redhouse Castle or Reidspittal, the old home of the Jacobite Hamiltons; the new house of Gosford, which you can see on a clear day from the Mound in Edinburgh, and Ballencrieff, the seventeenth-century home of the Elibank Murrays.

The easiest way to return to Edinburgh is by the shore road. But the true tramp takes the longest way round. So we turn southwards to the little Garleton Hills by the road that runs past Ballencrieff. This road, to the west of the Hopetoun monument, reaches a height of four hundred and fifty feet.

At the eastern end of these hills lies a remote little village called Athelstaneford, which ought to be a place of pilgrimage to every loyal Scot. Here

the Scots flag, which is the oldest of the three flags in the Union Jack, had its origin away back in the tenth century. The legend of the Chronicle has it that the Saxon King Athelstane (925-940) fought a battle on this spot against Hungus, King of the Picts, who was assisted by Achaius, King of the Scots. Before the battle our forebears prayed to God for victory. Suddenly, in answer to their prayer, a white cross in the form of the letter X appeared on the blue sky, and the Saxon King was defeated. Ever after that the Scots carried a blue flag with a white St Andrew's cross on it. This has been the flag of Scotland for nearly a thousand years. We uncover our heads at Athelstaneford and thank God for the idealism of Scotland, and for the oldest flag in the British Empire.

We give a cry to Haddington once more in the passing and take a new road home by Pencaitland and Winton Castle. Every village and mansion calls up the name of some great man of history, and only a very eident Scot would set himself to tell the story of this wonderful county which is the Garden of Scotland. There is Ormiston village, the birth-place of that famous missionary Robert Moffat, the father-in-law of David Livingstone. Yonder is Elphinstone Tower standing against the sunset sky. We began with Wishart facing Cardinal Beaton in that old keep, and we end with a vision of John Knox sitting under the yew tree at Ormiston Hall listening to George Wishart preaching. As we cross the Tyne for the last time, we say good-bye to East Lothian, feeling that the half has not been told about the delectable land which to-day is a farmer's

paradise and yesterday was the battle-ground of kings.

An Englishman will pass Dunbar or Bannockburn with a calm indifference to the victories and defeats of his ancestors. But, to us there is always a sound of keening in history. The sight of Flodden, or the field of Pinkie, or the Doon Hill of Dunbar still means a wave of emotion and some bitter regrets. Lost chances and slain hopes have always wrung the finest ballads from our hearts and called an army of youth from our hearths.

They went forth to battle but they always fell.

It has been so from the first of time in this grey northern land. It will be so to the long last. Were not the bloody fields of France strewn with myriad tartans but yesterday? For, in spite of our dour silences and rough-cast ways we are idealists to the end. The Blue banner with the White Cross, although now a thousand years old, gives us joy in battle still, and *The Flowers o' the Forest* is our ageless coronach of death.

## XI

### PENTLAND HAUNTS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A SCOTSMAN never thinks of hills but he hears a whaup. When a Scot is exiled in other lands or on those distant islands of the sea which lie beyond the margin of the world, the very thought of home will often hurt him with that sweetest of all life's pains—the pain of love, for which there is no anodyne save home.

Robert Louis Stevenson was an exiled Scot. The happiest hunting-grounds of dream to him were these neighbourly Pentland Hills, which lie at the very backdoor of Edinburgh. Lovers of Stevenson have again and again acquainted themselves with every local reference in his works to Swanston and the Pentlands. As his Hills of Home they are now proverbial throughout the world. For on those rolling tops he often stood and viewed our grey castled city by the sea, reeking blue in the morning sun—that New Jerusalem of the fighting Scot which has risen from the clor and clash of centuries rather than descended from any mystical heaven. It is unnecessary now for anyone to catalogue the passages in Stevenson which make mention of Swanston and the Pentlands. The only thing left to us is that which is always left to a lover. We may



try to recapture the atmosphere of the old days and the old songs, to dream ourselves back and think aloud, like him, until we feel the very hurt of love which the exile felt on the lone Pacific isle when he shut his eyes and heard, as in the days of long ago, the hill birds calling above the well on Halkerside :—

The whaup's wild cry on the breeze blawn by  
Like a wandering word frae hame.

But the very throngness of Swanston to-day is a fine memorial to Stevenson. The summer visitors who haunt the clachan and the hill ; the pilgrims who peer through the gate and over the garden wall, the very policeman who stands on a Saturday or Sunday in summer time near the Roaring Shepherd's Cottage like a uniformed incarnation of John Todd himself, most uncomfortable in his silver buttons and blue coat, come back, as it were, to herd stranger sheep than the ewes and lambs that bleated and baa'd about the braes of Swanston in his day—how all this new vogue of the Pentland Hills and the happy fame of Swanston would astonish Stevenson if he slipped back from the other side ! He might even be mistaken among the crowd for a gangrel body, and turned away on a wet day from his own door, because he did not look respectable, if, in his shabby coat and long hair falling over his ears, he chapped for a piece—he who once wrote with a chuckle in his soul this wise word for the over-conventional gentry of Auld Reekie : “ Respectability—the deadliest gag and wet blanket that can be laid on man.”

An old Highlander once said to me, “ You can



never win close to the spirit of the hills till you climb high, all your lone, where there is no one else to break the thrum." And it was because Stevenson wandered about these Hills of Home alone, dreaming the long, happy dreams of youth, which stirred all the romantics in his soul, or listening to John Todd's philosophy of the sheep-folds—that fell shepherd, whose wrathful voice was like an "audible bogie"—skulking, too, in his favourite wilderness like a Cameronian in the killing times—thus, and thus alone, did he enter into the meaning and mystery of the life of men and things, shepherds and sheep, great folks and simple, hills and gardens, the high gesticulations of love and the deep dolours of grief, and the homely talk of folks about the doors.

Happy too are we to-day if, in trying to bring back Stevenson's world, we have our own heartsome memories of his Pentland haunts. To enter the magic door of the cottage as a friend, in the fine free days when a well-known Lord of Session, himself an acquaintance of Stevenson, made the place a very howf of pilgrims, with portraits of Braxfield and Cummy looking down from the walls, and a rowth of Stevenson relics everywhere. To sit in the shepherd's kitchen supping kail or eating beef-steak pie in happy days and sad, at the fireside of John Todd's successor, whose twinkling eyes and lilting, lallan tongue are good to see and hear. To walk home with the ghost of Louis in the small hours under the white light of a harvest moon, from a wedding feast in the barn, when the sound of music and dancing kept the hoolets in the farm garden in a state of open-eyed alarm, and filled the hearts of

the old, rosy-faced country folks with memories of their own courtings in the auld lang syne. To range these hills from end to end in lonely glamourie, with Stevenson guiding our feet to his own favourite haunts, only thus can we also enter into the soul of the lad that is gone.

Swanston Cottage needs no describing to those Stevenson lovers who have seen it. And yet it is a grievous thing to a stravaiging Scot that so many live to-day in Stevenson's city who have never seen this paradise within a wall. This quaint old eighteenth-century junketing house of the Edinburgh bailies, where long ago the city fathers laid primitive wooden water pipes, and, later, built a water-house to preserve the springs in the garden. What jovial days and nights our municipal ancestors must have spent there, with the finest of Pentland water to mellow their drinks! Then those wise councillors enlarged the cottage, and robbing the old Cathedral of St Giles at its vandal restoration, of some of its gargoyles and crockets, set them up to ornament the new-made garden. Here among the roses and gillyflowers, there came a lad in the year 1867 to dream and scribble and laze his time away in the best of all literary apprenticeships—ruminating and reading and letting his imagination rove freely, while the seven sisters of Caerketton looked down on him, through the long summer nights, where the old drove roads wind over the hills and far away.

Stevenson would often moon about the grey old farmhouse standing in its "bouquet of trees." Here there was an added glamour in the fact that on this spot there once stood a grange of the good

monks of Whitekirk. With that dreamy eye of his he saw in these very fields the rosy friars tilling the soil. He saw, too, the farm door standing open all night in the killing times to welcome many a hunted Covenanter. He saw, later still, in the Forty-Five, Charlie's wild Highlanders surrounding Swanston in the dawn and plucking the very blankets from the bed of a little child who sat up in fear and watched the royal thieves mixing their "braw brose" with cream from the dairy. What a fine translator of history was this lanky lad with the delicate air, who filled his lungs with the heather-scented winds of Swanston, transforming the dry-as-dust details into brave pictures and moving stories, which were to delight the hearts of later generations.

Of all the Stevenson shrines in or around Edinburgh this "place in the dell" is the most romantic—Swanston, the home of his heart, the happy nursery of his literary labours, and the place of pilgrimage for many a lover of *Tusitala* from the far lands beyond the seas.

I make no doubt that he would often step eastward across the fields and sit among the graves of Old Pentland Churchyard—that place of hallowed memories for a Presbyterian Scot like Stevenson, in whose veins ran the blood of the Covenant. And yet—although it is almost within sight of Swanston, few now know, as he must have known, the holy romance of this ancient God's Acre. As I sit here on a May day afternoon among the graves, remote from the world that flies past on the distant turnpike road, the air is melodious with the song of larks

soaring above the braired fields. A steep grass-grown approach, a row of ancient yews, a handful of tombs, cowslips in the grass, your back to a red blaes bing, and your face to the green slopes of his own Kirk Yetton—the sough of the Covenant comes to you like the wind sighing in the yew trees. For here is the gravestone of little Beatrix Umpherston, who, in the year 1683, when only ten years of age, was the first of fifteen godly bairns in Pentland to sign *The Children's Bond*.

This is a Covenant made between the Lord and us, with our whole hearts, and to give up ourselves freely to Him, without reserve, soul and body, heart and affections, to be His children, and Him to be our God and Father, if it please the Holy Lord to send His gospel to the land again.

Sweet Beatrix Umpherston! How this headstone which bears her name and the name of her goodman, Mr John M'Neill, preacher in Loanhead, would send Stevenson into a dwam of history and bring the little lass of ten to his very side.

But a favourite walk was from Fisher's Tryst, by the Old Kirk of Glencorse—to-day one of the most haunting spots near Edinburgh. He sometimes went to a service there with his father, who listened with rapt attention to every word that old Mr Torrance, the minister, said.

Glencorse Kirk was Stevenson's *petit poeme en prose*, as he calls it—that little cruciform place, with its steep slate roof, its wooden steeple, and its kirkyard, full of graves. One grey headstone to Charles Cottier, a Frenchman from Dunkerque, who died a prisoner at the military prison hard by;

another, "the most pathetic memorial I ever saw—a poor school slate in a wooden frame, with the inscription cut into it, evidently by the father's hand. In church old Mr Torrance preached—over eighty, and a relic of times forgotten, with his black thread gloves, and mild, old, foolish face. One of the nicest parts of it was to see John Inglis, the greatest man in Scotland, our Justice-General, and the only born lawyer I ever heard, listening to the piping old body, as though it had all been a revelation, grave and respectful."

Little did the boy from Swanston think of the fame he was to bring to this ruined kirk.

The inscriptional gem of the place stands at the eastmost end, and has on it this poem carved by a humourless husband in memory of his dead spouse:

Death is not care, it is not pain,  
But it is rest and peace ;  
Death makes all our terrors vain  
And bids our torments cease.

This stone is for to mark the ground  
Where Mary Simpson lies,  
Lawful wife to John M'Kean,  
Till death did close her eyes.

Departed life at Marfield Lodge  
The sixteenth of July,  
Eighteen hundred and fifty-two,  
Where she did calmly die.

To-day, the Kirk of Glencorse is roofless, with ivy covering the walls, and green grass flooring the little nave, with the open sky above, where not long ago a piper played laments within the walls, on a



radiant June day, with thoughts in his mind of the great Justice-General, old Mr Torrance, the French prisoner, little Catherine Ogg, the seven-month-old bairn, whose name is cut on the school slate, and Robert Louis, the lad that is gone. The steep incline to the old kirk; the well-worn sandstone steps by the swing gate which have been scooped hollow by the feet of generations, and the little burn, downby, must have been in Stevenson's thoughts when he asked S. R. Crockett to go some sunny June Sunday, and say a prayer for him with closed eyes. "I will never walk by the Fisher's Tryst and Glen-corse. I shall never see Auld Reekie. I shall never set my foot again on the heather. Here I am until I die, and here will I be buried." In that letter you have the Pentland memories which hurt Stevenson with a twist of pain—an exile's hankering after love's lost days, that only home can satisfy.

Stevenson had a Covenanting childhood, and it was all due to his nurse, Cummy. He wrote long afterwards from Samoa, "My style is from the Covenanting writers." Hackston of Rathillet, sitting on his horse, resolving his doubts, with the cloak about his mouth, watching the murder of Archbishop Sharpe on Magus Moor, fascinated him. So, before he was fifteen, he wrote a novel on the subject, tried the same thing again, wasting reams of paper, but without any approved success. He next tried a novel on the Pentland Rising, for when staying as a boy in Colinton manse, he would lie awake at night thinking of that ragged army of the Covenant which spent the night before the battle, within a



stone's throw of his bed. But he failed again. Then, when he was sixteen, came a little green pamphlet on "The Pentland Rising," published anonymously in 1866 by Andrew Elliot in Edinburgh. His father thought nothing of it, and bought up all the copies. To-day the little green pamphlet is a Stevensonian treasure for the book-collector.

As we climb the steep fields on the lower slopes to the east of Turnhouse Hill, we see the Rullion Green monument standing within a railing in front of a wood. Here Stevenson's earliest imagination was fired as he wandered these history-haunted braes. He knew all the facts. He had already read the authorities. In his pamphlet he described the cause of the revolt, when M'Lelland of Barscob shot Corporal Deanes at Dalry, in Galloway, for attempting to roast alive an old man. He tells us that out of M'Lelland's pistol had been fired ten pieces of a tobacco pipe into the body of Deanes. He described the march of that first pathetic army of the Covenant from Dumfries by Lanark and Bathgate to Colinton, with Dalryell of Binns on their heels. Rain and frost and snow made miserable going over pitiful broken moors for this ill-prepared peasant corps. Some turned back, and others, fearful of being unfaithful, tied themselves together. All were more or less without hope of success. The Lothian folks gave no help. The terrible weather did the rest. Many of these men had little else than a sword or an old musket in their hands, and a meal poke on their backs. In a wretched bivouac within Colinton kirkyard they lay all night in frost and snow. Next day they swung round the hill-

foots by Dreghorn Castle, Swanston, Fulford (Woodhouselee), and Flotterstone Bridge to the old market stance of Rullion Green, on the south-east base of Turnhouse Hill, where many a ragged *rullion* had been gathered to the cattle tryst at House of Muir, a market which is mentioned in the *Scots Acts of Parliament* as early as 1581. Ragged in pelt and dirty in cloot, they looked like hunted sheep that had escaped a shearing—veritable *rullions*, as Ayrshire folk style uncouth, tousy characters to this day.

Meanwhile, Dalryell of Binns made hot haste over the hills of Pentland by the drove road from Currie, between Capelaw and Bellshill, through the Maidens Cleuch, past Kirkton and St Catherine's Chapel, which is now submerged by the waters of the Glen-corse Reservoir. Yonder, between Lawhead and Turnhouse, he spied the miserable little army of 900 waiting, on their well-chosen vantage ground, to face his 3000 regular troops. There the last stand of the Covenanters was made on this fatal 28th day of November 1666, while two preachers of the Word—Welsh and Semple—called aloud the slogans of Judah to encourage their doomed brethren, and the strains of the 71st and 78th Psalms went soughing down the winter wind. They had only sixty muskets, forty pairs of pistols, and twenty pounds of loose powder. But they made great play when it came to a hand-to-hand tulzie. Were ever men in such a desperate case? Did ever Scots fight more gallantly in a losing battle? The tale has been told a hundred times. But still our hearts heave with emotion when we think of the slaughter in the gathering dusk, of the scores lying wounded

when the sun went down, of the trodden snow seeping with blood. Many of the fugitives were cruelly murdered, and one hundred and twenty were taken prisoners. When the moon rose the soldiers stripped the bodies of the slain, but next day the godly women of Edinburgh went out with fine household linen and buried the dead in shrouds in a grave over which the present monument stands. All through that bitter night there was a sound of galloping hooves, and the moors and glens of Pentland were full of the silent, hurrying figures of men who sought hiding and shelter for dear life.

Is it any wonder that Stevenson's early imaginations were stirred by this brave, forlorn tale of the Covenant? How his boyish soul must have been thrilled when first he heard from Cummy's lips or read in a book the story of that big, lion-hearted, old campaigner, Captain John Paton of Meadowhead—galloping off on his horse with three soldiers thundering after him! The soldiers ride so fast that they are soon up with him. One of them actually tries to catch his cloak. In front of them is a wide, treacherous mossy pool, out of which three Covenanters are already pulling their plunging ponies. The soldiers see it. Paton puts his great horse to the pool. A mighty leap and both horse and rider land safely on the other side. A swing round. A drawn sword flashes, and John Paton splits the head of the first cavalier as he struggles in the morass. The other two come tumbling over the horse and body of their dead companion, until the pool is hottering with dead or dying men and beasts.

“Take my compliments to your master and tell him I cannot sup with him to-night,” cries John Paton as he gallops off into the night, with a thunder of hooves on the hill.

Twelve miles over the hills to the west as the crow flies there stands to-day on Blacklaw Hill a Covenanter's grave, a place which must have been well-known to Stevenson. It is the grave of a fugitive from Rullion Green who was making his way, wounded and weary, to his home in Ayrshire. But at dead of night, after the battle, his strength failed. So he crept painfully to the lonely farmhouse of Blackhill, and tapped on the window. Out came Adam Sanderson and begged him to come in-by. But the dying man would not endanger his kindly host, and begged only that he would convoy him up the valley of the West Water. Then, falling exhausted at the dawn, he died in Adam Sanderson's arms, with this last word whispered in his ear—“Bury me somewhere within sight of my Ayrshire hills!” The wish itself was a covenant. So Adam Sanderson carried the dead man up to the top of Blacklaw Hill, and there, when the sunrise was tipping with gold the distant Ayrshire hills, he buried the Covenanter on the braeface and raised a little cairn to mark the spot. Yonder to-day on the lonely hill this unknown soldier of the Cross sleeps well, beaking forment the sun, in the place where he wished to be, and within sight of his own dear hills of home.

The last known place in Pentland which we associate with Stevenson's name is the Cauldstane Slap. Not because in “Weir of Hermiston” he

lifted both the Covenanter's grave and the Cauldstane Slap, as well as old Mr Torrance, and placed them elsewhere to suit his romantic whim, as he lifted the Torran Rocks in "Kidnapped" and sunk them nearer Mull—but because as early as 1869 he had written a rough unfinished ballad of a girl meeting her outlawed lover at the Cauldstane Slap, from which the poem was to take its name. So this wandering son of Swanston must surely have found the grave on Blacklaw Hill for himself and climbed the sombre Slap between the East and West Cairn Hills. For the Stevenson who roamed these hills was the buoyant lad in whose soul Cummy's nursery tales of the Covenanters rang like the over-come of an old song to the hinmost day of life.

He never pictured Edinburgh but he painted the Pentlands in the background to show off the city's charms. When he wrote to his friends, the Pentlands were ever his Hills of Dream. All the love and memories of his early days were bound up with these haunted uplands where long ago the Covenanters fought, and drovers huddled their cattle beasts, and shepherds buched their sheep in summer sun or winter storm. There was homesickness in his heart and a mist of tears in his eyes when he wrote these words, which express better than any other his deathless love for this old grey land of battle-cries and Covenants :—

Blows the wind to-day and the sun and the rain are flying,  
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,  
Where above the graves of the martyrs the whaups are  
crying  
My heart remembers how !



Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,  
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,  
Hills of sheep, and the howes of the silent vanished races,  
And winds austere and pure :

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,  
Hills of home ! and to hear the call,  
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,  
And hear no more at all.



## XII

# THE ROARING SHEPHERD AND HIS DOGS

WITH A POEM BY HIS SON

It was a peching Pentland day. The July sun blazed down on the back without mercy. The very winds were warm as they came whiffing down the stifling ravine which leads up the North Esk Burn from Carlops to Fairliehope. At the Brownie's Pool a great temptation to take a plunge was heroically resisted. But, once across the divot bridge and up on the heights the wind blew cooler. It was pleasant then to sit down and dream awhile over the superb view down the valley and across the woodlands of the plain to the dim blue Moorfoot Hills.

The hills have lured me on to many a queer employ, but never before did I take this way of the Bore Stone to Listonshiels in such a pother of heat to find a poet and to beg a poem. The day itself was a perfect pastoral—larks warbling in the sky, yellow-hammers singing happy songs in the little trees, whinchats flying fussily to and fro, lambs bleating to their mothers on the great green hills, a hush of falling water in the burn below, and whaups gurling across the heather. Then the

gleam of the loch, like a sapphire stone of deepest blue in a setting of emerald green, a house by the waterside well bielled by some trees, the homely sounds of cocks and hens, and the burly figure of a man with a white beard waving a welcome with his stick from the gable-end.

Here lives William Todd, one of the sons of the Roaring Shepherd of Swanston, whom Robert Louis Stevenson immortalised. How it would have delighted the heart of Louis to find a poet of the purest Scots in the son of his shepherd friend ! It was a blessed relief to step out of the blazing sun into the cool dark parlour. There is no welcome in the world like a Scots handshake and the sound of the mother tongue.

“A lonely life up here among the hills ?”

“Ay, but it mak’s ye whiles think o’ things.”

And that is just the reason why a hillman is so often a philosopher and a poet.

William Todd lived with his father at Swanston until he was fifteen years of age, and then he came to a herding down yonder at the Carlops. The first Sunday after leaving home he went to Carlops Kirk. When he left Swanston his father had given him a dog called “Trusty” ; but when the boy was in the kirk “Trusty” made off for home over the hills, and the young herd was glad to follow him. When the young Carlops herd left Swanston at the age of fifteen, Robert Louis Stevenson had not yet come to live at the cottage ; but William Todd was often home after that, and was well acquaint with the lanky lad with the long hair and the dreamy eyes.

It was on a fine Saturday of June that William Todd stood up at the door of the Roaring Shepherd's cottage at Swanston and recited a poem on "Swanston's Whinny Knowes" to a large gathering of the Robert Louis Stevenson Club. The poem, with its fine Scots and its unique recollections of life at Swanston sixty years ago, captivated some of our hearts on that sunny day. Sib souls need no introduction, and an appointment was soon made to pay a visit to the lonely house among the hills. Hence this sweltering walk to the North Esk Reservoir.

The colloque in the cottage was after our own hearts and I came away that day with a big paper parcel under my arm and the poem in my pocket. The brown paper concealed an old-fashioned picture in a frame. It was the portrait of John Todd, the Roaring Shepherd—a fell likeness of that granite-faced man, and a precious loan to me.

The poem on Swanston, which has never been published, gives us a realistic description of life in the hamlet under the hill, of the tiny cottage behind the school where the shepherd of Robert Louis Stevenson lived, and of the "Pailace" next to it, that old stone bigging, which had to be shored up with an ash tree—the humble home of Mysie.

Two dogs are mentioned in the poem—"Cheviot" and "Snag." In the estimation of the shepherd, "Cheviot" was the wiser of the two, but in that case he must have been the wisest dog in Christendom. For the tradition of "Snag's" uncanny gifts is still alive. He went every week to the Edinburgh Market with John Todd, and could pen the sheep in record time. Once, when another shepherd

with a silly dog was finding it ill work to pen his sheep, he asked the Roaring Shepherd to lend him "Snag." The dog went to work, and had all the sheep in the pen immediately.

"Man," said the strange shepherd, "that's an unco dowg!"

"Ay," roared John Todd, "he could drive sheep up the bore o' a gun."

Even when John Todd did not go to the market, "Snag" would slip away by himself on the right day with the lust of labour in him, work the sheep of other shepherds at the usual pens, and come home again. "Snag" had the gift of mathematics, for he knew the seven days of the week, and he never mistook the market day.

In later life "Snag" was given to a shepherd at Biggar. It is a long day's tramp from Biggar to Edinburgh for a gangrel body, let alone a dog. But when the market day came round, "Snag," who must have calculated the time required for the journey, rose at some unearthly hour, or started the day before from the Biggar hirsle, travelled the thirty miles all alone, appeared at the Edinburgh market at the usual time, worked sheep all day at the pens, looked for his old master in vain, and then limped back to Swanston that night. The effort was too much for the old dog, and he never did any good after that. For brains, faithfulness, love of work, and sheer affection, how much better is a good sheep dog than the average man! It would lighten life for some of us if we thought that somewhere in the Elysian fields we would see our old dogs again, and pat them on the head. O John

Todd, why did you ever part with "Snag" to the Biggar herd, even for a day or two?

In the photograph John Todd is sitting with the third dog—"Trusty"—between his knees. A beautiful collie, he sits as steady as a stone, with his head turned to one side. It was this same "Trusty" that ran home to Swanston, by way of Turnhouse, Glencorse, and Allermuir, when the home-sick lad William Todd was sitting in Carlops Kirk with a lump in his throat. Like lad, like dog, they were both glad to meet, that same Sunday night in the Roaring Shepherd's cottage behind the school at Swanston.

In the photograph John Todd, the shepherd of Stevenson's memories, is seen sitting on a stone by the wall of a house near his own cottage. He has on his head a round cap with a black glazed skip to shade the eyes, a plaid of shepherd tartan about his shoulders, sheep shears in one hand, the birn or iron stamp for marking sheep in the other hand, with the farmer's initials, J. F., clearly seen. He was a big, buirdly man, but the soul of him is looking out of his fearless eyes even in the photograph. A face of granite, with great lines of strength and dourness about the jaws. Doubtless a man of roaring passions, but a man also of terrific righteousness, who might have cleft the skull of Claverhouse at one stroke, with a prayer to God for his Kirk, his conscience, and his country.

On one occasion Russel, of *The Scotsman*, was out shooting at Swanston with a friend. John Todd, who himself was a dead shot, was acting as game-keeper to them. Both gentlemen had missed a



bird, when the Roaring Shepherd took aim with his old gun and brought it down. In those days Todd made his own wads out of bits of newspaper which he carried in his pocket. Russel walked up and looked about him.

"No wonder he killed," said he, "for he's using *The Scotsman* for a wad and a wee bit of the *Courant*!"

A grandson of the Roaring Shepherd told me that he had sometimes seen Stevenson come through the door in the wall at the foot of the garden when John Todd was sorting out the sheep.

"Well, Todd, how are you to-day?"

"I'm no' compleenin'," was the invariable answer of the Roaring Shepherd, for he was a dour philosopher, and grudged affirmatives if a negative would do. Then, when something really went wrong, he let fly a perfect volcano of passion, and there was a fiery stream of lava round the walls of Swanston for the time being. Louis, who was just then learning life, stood listening with a smile of pleasure on his face, for he knew that the eruption would soon subside.

Cummy, with her stiffer religious sense, played counter to the Roaring Shepherd in the life of Louis. For her Sabbatarianism was of the strictest. The shepherd's grandsons used to play with a pony in the paddock at Swanston. But a Sunday circus was forbidden forty years ago. Yet human nature is such that the boys about the farm-town would slip on to the pony's broad back, and have a standing ride round the field when time hung heavy on their hands after the kirk had scaled at Colinton or Glen-



corse. On one occasion Cummy came down the path with solemn protestations when she saw them at such wickedness. The boys leaped the wall. But one of them dropped a cap. It was pounced upon by Cummy, and the boy who risked his life and went back for it had to take half an hour of John Calvin's principles from Louis' nurse.

Coming to William Todd's poem, we here have preserved a whole handful of local names at Swanston, which otherwise might have been lost. The Green Craig, the Shearers' Knowes, Toddle Knowes, Routing Hill, Birky Side, the Tailor's Road, Howden's Hass, Windy Doors, Byreside Nick, Moolypouches, Cock-my-lane, Samson's Stone, the Papples—these were all household words with the villagers of Swanston in Stevenson's day, but some of them we would find it hard to locate now. The old washerwoman referred to was a certain hard worker called Peggy, who did laundry work for Edinburgh families, and bleached her linen on the Swanston Green. Before an important washing she usually consulted the Roaring Shepherd about the weather. Mysie's "gabled wa'" was an old house which stood next door to the shepherd's cottage. It has long ago been demolished.

### SWANSTON'S WHINNY KNOWES

Ance mair I tread the whinny knowes  
Where grazed the floer o' Cheviot yowes,  
In childhood days it was my hame  
And Honest John the shepherd's name.  
I see auld "Snag" and "Cheviot" at his heel  
As up the Green Craig he wad spiel,

Ayont the Shearie and the Toddle Knowes  
Where aft we bucht a' the yowes.  
Noo frae the Green Craig's rocky broo  
'Twas his delight his flocks to view ;  
Here he wad gie the signal to auld " Snag " :  
The dowg wi' knowing look his tail wad wag :  
Then doon the brae and through the whinny hedge,  
Up ower the Routin' Hill by cover's edge,  
Ower a' the leas wi' lanky stride  
He'd turn the sheep aff Birky Side.  
Noo John is aff alang the Tailor's Road,  
For twa and thirty years by him 'twas trod.  
There he takes oot his guid field glass  
Views a' the yowes and lambs up Howden's Hass.  
Across the brae he takes the sklent  
Lampin' ower the wavin' bent,  
On tapmost heicht o' Allermair  
Breathes in great draughts o' caller air :  
Doon Windy Doors and Byreside Nick  
Where roon the knowes the rabbits jick,  
See foxy slippin' oot o' sicht  
Richt ower Kirkyetton's rocky heicht,  
While " Cheviot," nicknamed aye the Bear,  
Is sniffin' up the tainted air,  
His nerves a' quiverin' for the chase  
Up steep Kirkyetton's skliddery face  
On Moolypouches noo we'll rest  
Where aft I've sought the lintie's nest  
And even noo I see the auld elm tree  
Where built the bonnie blue oxee :  
'Twas aye oor brag that tree to sklim  
And see the tittie's nest sae trim.  
Yonder stands the muckle beech,  
Six times roon oor airms did reach :  
How loud we made the echoes ring  
As on its branches we did swing !  
Then doon the windin' whimplin' burn,  
Sae weel I ken its every turn :

Till 'mang the whins o' Cock-my-lane  
Where lies the famous Samson Stane.  
Doon its face we went like winkin'  
Never on oor coup-carts thinkin' :  
But up and doon again like winkie  
Slid ower the mark o' Samson's pinkie.  
But oh the best o' moleskin hide  
Could never stand that awfu' slide :  
Oor breebies they were seldom hale  
And mony a hole showed oor serk tail.  
And here's the green, the bonnie green,  
Where bairnies played frae morn till e'en,  
For washerwives they bleached their claes  
Upon its grassy gowaned braes :  
While Peggy wad alairm the toon  
Cryin' tae some wild wee loon  
Wha left the mark o' his bare feet  
Upon a brow white linen sheet.  
Here at the Pailace we played the bools,  
Dod, Dick, and me kenned a' the rules ;  
Plunk them fu' and nickle deid,  
The stunks knocked oot wi' lichtnin' speed,  
Noo we stand upon the spot  
Where aft we played oor game at lot,  
Against auld Mysie's gabled wa'  
Though aff the plumb and like to fa' :  
'Twas weel shored up wi' a guid ash tree ;  
Dod fell ower't and hurt his knee.  
Noo behold the auld stane biggin'  
Clay-clapped lum and divot riggin',  
Mossgrown strae strung on the ruif  
Made it wind and water pruiif :  
But whiles a wind frae the Papples blew  
And tirl'd some theekin' aff the skew :  
Inside, the rafters a' were bare  
And naething but a yearthen flae :  
It had a but, but no' a ben,  
Oh where were a oor riches then ?

Yet weel I mind when I was wee  
There kneelin' at my mither's knee.  
She taucht my lispin' lips to pray  
To Him wha made the nicht and day.  
Though time rolls on wi' years o' sun and rain,  
The laddies still are slidin' doon the Samson Stane.

The last I saw of William Todd that broiling day  
was the sturdy old man standing on the hill muttering  
poetry to a grandson of the Roaring Shepherd.  
A wave of the stick, a shout of "Haste ye back  
again," and then a turn of the road hid him from  
view. But, as I stepped out, I thought how much  
pleasanter it was to hear a sheep-man speaking  
poetry on his hills than to hear, as Stevenson must  
often have heard, this sheep-man's father sending  
the thunder of his wrathful voice like an audible  
bogie along the face of Kirkyetton.

## XIII

### MY WINTER SANCTUARY

#### THE SPELL OF SOLITUDE

IN this century of rush and wonder, tramping is rapidly becoming a lost art. People are looking for short cuts, and shouting themselves hoarse about the right to live, when, all the time, beauty in nooks and corners is eluding these fast livers, who in their very anxiety for life have no time to live. It was that exact and argumentative gentleman called Euclid who taught us that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points—a poor enough way of getting from one place to another, and the direct contradiction of nature, which abhors, not only vacuums, but straight lines. Being no mathematician, the walking man avoids straight lines, broad highways, and obvious tracks. He delights to wander slowly from one place to another, in a happy-go-lucky, zigzag hunt for those remoter things of life and beauty which the conventional traveller never finds. The true measure of a journey is not how far you have gone, but how much you have seen. So, for all purposes of the eye and ear, it is wiser for the nature lover to walk alone.

This brings me to speak of sanctuaries. A sanctuary means both silence and solitude—the

two things which city life has made impossible for the natural man. Yet, to keep his soul in focus every city dweller ought to have some natural sanctuary—a place within easy reach of town, where he is neither teased nor taigled by the crowd, some secret spot where he can bathe his soul in silence, and revel in the sights and sounds of nature.

My winter sanctuary is reached from a little clachan called the Tryst. You step off a bus, and yonder, right fornent you, is a by-road, which, like all true roads, leads you into the heart of the hills. Within a bowshot from the Tryst you come to a solitary kirk, with a war memorial standing in a plot of grass. It is a plain, flat obelisk, made of blocks of the finest sandstone. But the most beautiful thing about this stone to-day is the wonderful colour with which the weathering of a Scots climate in a few years has invested it. The top block bears a bronze wreath. Beneath that, one would think that Turner had painted a series of three impressionistic landscapes; mere whiffs of colour, that are as delicate as his *Ehrenbreitstein*, or his *Study on the Rhine*. The first is a tranquil river scene, with a faint suggestion of tree-clad banks and the most delicate reflections on the glassy water. The next shows an estuary at sunset with a calm sea, rippling clouds above, little ships suggested on the strip of shining water, with low hills on the horizon, and the third a misty corrie, with the faintest suggestion of a triple barrier of hills encircling a mist-filled hollow. All this poetry of colour, painted by the weather in sensitive greens







GLENCORSE OLD KIRK

and greys, sepias and yellows, on a column of fine sandstone !

At the next turn the natural avenue of the road begins. An old Scots fir stands sentry at the gate on the right, and the road sweeps on and down to a bridge between great trees and straggling beech hedges.

These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild.

Beyond the dip you see a conical fir rising from the hollow, and beyond the fir rises the big blue dome of Pentlands' towering top. There is not a more glamorous bit of road near Edinburgh. Stevenson loved it and dreamed of it beyond all others. I have travelled it in every season and in every month of the year. Yet I like it best in winter-time, for the trees are more friendly when they are bare, and the colours of winter are so delicate and soft that they more than compensate for all those gloomy days which make a mood of melancholy in the soul.

On the bridge itself the stones are green with moss splashed with bright yellow ochres. The stream whispers beneath, with a weird murmur of reminiscence which brings back the voice of the exiled Scot in Samoa etting after home—"I shall never take that walk . . . I shall never see Auld Reekie. I shall never set my foot again on the heather . . . Do you know where the road crosses the burn . . . ? Go there and say a prayer for me—*moriturus salutat*. See that it is a sunny day . . . Shut your eyes, and if I don't appear to you !"

Surely his spirit haunts this place to-day and comes to worship in the old ruined kirk up-by. There are some places where one has been so often that there is no accounting of the visits now. So is this most romantic old kirkyard by far the dearest to me of all the kirkyards round Edinburgh. I know it when the snows of winter lie upon it like a dazzling winding sheet, with the dead streikit under its spotless folds in awful silence : when the summer sunshine floods its well-bielded graves with a warm radiance and when yon banks of rhododendrons beyond the furthest field blaze red and pink and white in the evening afterglow and the rabbits come out to gambol in the gloaming. Here the first snowdrops whiten the green graves, and the ruined kirk with its ivy-covered walls and wooden spire looks as if it were a thousand years old.

How many old folks and young folks were carried up the stey brae from the bend of the road to be laid in the old God's Acre ! Yon worn step at the gate is eloquent of the myriad feet that have come here to worship or to mourn, and woe to that man who tries to even that deep dented stone. For, from the brae to the wooden steeple of the ruined kirk among the tree-encircled graves, the whole scene is a perfect poem of man's mortality.

It is good-bye now to roads until we reach the sanctuary. A vault over a gate brings you, in the early months of winter, into a cow-pasture ; and there is nothing which adds such a tranquil sense of life to a landscape of woodlands and meadows like a lot of clean, brown-and-white cows. A whiff of milk is in the air, and the sound of browsing beasts adds

a sense of company in the quiet meadow. At the further side there is another gate, and a step across the muddy lane leads to a strip of woodland. This is the beginning of a paradise of woods beyond. You can hear the tooting of a south-going motor on the road. But here, in the deeps of the wood, with a carpet of red leaves for the feet, and the great beeches and pines swaying almost imperceptibly in the breeze, we are far removed from company. The pheasants and the cushats flutter in the dark green cover above. In that dense thicket of little spruces I once saw a couple of roe-deer flitting out of their cover with oriflammes all aglow in the wintry gloaming—the nearest place to Edinburgh where I have ever startled these fairy phantoms of the woods. Down on the right the little stream which we are to follow to its source bubbles and flows along the edge of the wood. Here and there on the water-side you will find tidy little bundles of firewood lying at the foot of a great fir tree, besides the tell-tale ashes of an old fire—the unmistakable signs that the stravaiger has been there, and has left material for future bliss. It is a heartsome place, with the sweet scent of pine trees and the good wholesome tang of wet earth and leaf-mould, the constant sound of running water, and the great hills making a blue background beyond the bare trees. A step over the wall on to the tar-sprayed highway and a plunge into the wood on the other side takes us still further up this delightful woodland stream, until the open amphitheatre of a green meadow brings us to the very gateway of the hills. There they are, rising steep on every side, like

sleeping lions with tawny shoulders and shaggy manes.

Here by this grassy waterside, on a certain day of every week, you will meet a man and a dog coming down from the ravine of the pine trees to look the water at the same hour, and all through the months of winter this is the only company. Yonder is a heron flapping its heavy wings over the tree tops to its haunt in the valley beyond the loch. All day in the woods and in the hedgerows the Great Tit has been sounding his double note, like the sound of a melodious saw. I never hear this bird but I think of the ever-recurring motif in one of the movements of Tchaikovsky's Symphony in E minor. Surely Tchaikovsky must have heard this musical Woodsaw, as the bird is called, in the woods of Russia before he reproduced the call so exactly, and made the notes such a striking feature in the movement of this Symphony.

But the sounds of nature to-day are as nothing to the colour of nature. See yon bright purple mist! It is a great hawthorn, ablaze with a wealth of red haws. Here is another, and another, making little splashes of glowing colour in the bosky deeps of the ravine. Another corner turned, and the surprise of the gorge bursts on us—a snow-white waterfall, tumbling down a craggy height among the pines. So carefully hidden from all roads is this secret ravine, that it was many years before I caught a glimpse of the waterfall from high up on the hill. A step over a wooden bridge brings us to the other side of the stream, and the last stage of the journey is reached. Here you can find



shelter on the wildest day among the solemn pine trees, which stand motionless and let the gale roar in their throats far up. For while the little ash saplings and the willows rive and struggle and protest in the teeth of the wind, the pine trees stand like dreaming giants whose immemorial peace nothing can disturb.

The path ends at last at a steep, grassy bank. When you reach the top with a pech, after speiling the stiff slope, the loch stretches before you in all its tranquil beauty, with an island in the middle distance and rolling hills on every side. Take the sheep track to the left, and after creeping round a pine-clad bluff above the water, in another moment you are down in the sanctuary—a green hollow, scooped out of the hillside above the loch, with one or two pine trees, and the bracken-clad hills rising up and up until their rounded summits meet the blue.

At the foot of a pine tree in the sanctuary you will find lying, all through the winter, a neat pile of fire faggots, with a bundle of feathery twigs. Close to the tree is the ash foundation of the last fire. Sometimes the day is quiet and lown. Sometimes it is cold and clear, with a bite of north in the wind. Sometimes the grass is white with frost. But soon the twigs are lit, the faggots feed the flame, and a roaring pine fire makes the coldest winter day warm. The rucksack is unpacked, the pungent smell of reek is equalled only by the fragrance of the finest coffee in the world, and lying there by the blazing fire, with a faggot for a pipe-light, and the little waves lapping peacefully on

the rocks below, I find my winter sanctuary far from a busy world. Here none can disturb the longest dreams, for the only company is a flock of wild ducks that sail out and in, with an occasional splutter and quack, from the ferny shores of the loch. Many a time in the busy streets the thought of it comes to my mind. Then I can smell the pines and feel the hill-breeze on the cheek, and forgetting the city's noise, live for the moment in the tranquil peace of the sanctuary. Then I murmur to myself this sentiment of a mystic Celt, W. B. Yeats :—

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes  
dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the  
cricket sings ;  
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the  
shore ;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

## XIV

# WINTER WANDERINGS IN WEST LOTHIAN

### I

IT is a common belief of the city-bred man that summer is the only time for country walks. For, in our adventurous climate, we are all more or less afraid of the weather. But to the wandering man, winter beauty is as fascinating as summer beauty, and only those who know the world of woodlands, fields, and open roads, all the year round, can ever enter into the secret of nature's charms. And yet it is such an obvious loss to so many dwellers in our romantic city of Edinburgh, that they never seem to explore the by-ways of wonder which lie just beyond our own backdoors. East, south, or west, wherever you wander it is the same—a land comfortable with little Lothian townships that send up the smoke of bein industries ; a land steeped in the lore of ancient places and peoples that are forgotten in the rush of a more pushful age. The true gangrel scorns all means of travel but his own feet, and I care not whether you walk or cycle or use a motor car to help you out between the exploits—if you come with me on this mellow winter morning, you will be glad that you can claim to be a Lothian man.

Let us begin our real stravaig at Queensferry—that fascinating spot which brings up the ghosts of old Scots romance; from Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, the finest royal lady who ever sat on a Scots throne, to douce David Balfour of The Shaws, who intervlewed that consummate sea-dog, Elias Hoseason, in a little upstairs room of the old Hawes Inn. Queensferry itself is associated in the minds of most Edinburgh folks with the Forth Bridge, the British Fleet, trippers, and char-a-bancs. But to-day as we walk along the narrow street, we pause before a very ancient building on the right hand, and enter the open door. It is all that remains of the monastery of the Carmelite Friars, who got a charter from Dundas of Dundas in 1457 to build this modest House of God—but, there is a sough in history of a church here as early as 1330. So few people know about the old-world repose of this ancient chapel—yet, you have only to step inside and the cloistered gloom of centuries falls upon you. The austere simplicities of this old monastery take you worlds away from the clatter of the street. It was restored in 1890, and since that time has been used as an Episcopalian Chapel. In the choir, the sedilia, the piscina, and the ambry are all there, and a little transept is built out to the south. It is a plain aisleless church, a hundred feet long, with bare stone walls and a vaulted roof. We have a long road to travel and must be going but it is hard to leave the dreams of ancient peace which rise within us, as we pass out again into the winter sunshine. Look up at the square tower. It was originally finished with the cape house and



THE CARMELITE CHAPEL, SOUTH QUEENSFERRY





parapet walk which were so common in Scots architecture of the fifteenth century. In that tower the friars lived comfortably for two hundred years, toasting their toes on the cold days at the open fireplaces after climbing the wheel-stair. Before our day's wanderings are over we shall see another ancient tower of the same style. But ere passing on, it is well worth while looking at the rocks on the shoreward side of the monastery, for the monks are said to have chiselled out a harbour, with their own hands. If the tide is out you have only to step behind the monastery, cross a wide green, and drop on to the shore. Then a rather sludgy walk down the beach will show you a solid pier of natural rock, sheered down doubtless by the monks' chisels into the wall of a long jetty—for these ancient friars were expert workers in all the ordinary arts.

Step westward now, and the modern ugliness of Queensferry will be forgotten in your glamorous thoughts of the past. For thus it is, that a sense of ancient beauties helps us often to pass with good humour through many modern barbarisms.

We have to take the high road now, as Port Edgar is a naval base. But all our interest in Port Edgar to-day is, that the very name reminds us of Queen Margaret's brother. A far cry indeed, from the primitive ship which anchored out yonder in the year 1068 with the beautiful Princess on board, to this naval base whose secrets none of us dare know! The road, which now runs by the sea, past the stately entrance gates to Hopetoun House—these gates which open of their own accord, like the prison gate in Scripture—is a bit of quite unspoiled shore

scenery. On a sunny winter morning the views up and down and across the Forth are full of a quiet, elusive beauty. Here is a group of picturesque, high-built houses, with gardens behind and a flat green by the sea and a turreted corner house with a little policy all its own—it is called by the quaint name of Society. Something in its old-farrant atmosphere and stance reminds us irresistibly of Robert Louis Stevenson, who could surely have cast great glamour over this same Society, if only he had peopled these bald Scots houses by the green with a handful of cut-throat adventurers ; adding a cosy change-house with a settle by the fire ; and one of Nelson's jolly old sea captains, with a wooden leg, in the mysterious corner house, whose windows are continually winking in the sun.

The way now leads us up an avenue of ancient trees to Hopetoun House, that grey palace which stands with such a noble frontage, amid great lawns. If you are motoring, send your car round by the public road, past the gardens and the Blue Gate, to meet you at Abercorn, or better still at Blackness, and come with me on one of the most delectable of walks. Up the narrow dark avenue we pass, with the great trees meeting overhead, the grey palace standing on the right. Turning north at the corner we come on one of these delightful tricks of landscape gardening—a circular pond let into the lawn, as a mirror to reflect most beautifully the great house standing beyond the splendid sweep of greensward.

Following the path, which skirts a sunny little valley with a pleasant prospect to the west, we pass

through the winter woods to the Bastion Walk overlooking the Forth—a straight walk, high up above the deer park, which runs along the shore. The seaward side of the walk is lined with a thick unbroken yew hedge, with circular bastions here and there which are themselves lined with very old yew. The view westward is wide and beautiful, past Blackness Castle to the upper reaches of the Forth by Stirling, eastward to the mighty bridge and the outgate of the North Sea beyond, and across to the couthie Fife shores and busy Rosyth. It is all so quiet and remote and fair, with the winter woodlands behind, the wide waters in front, and down below, a great stag bellowing with his antlered head outstretched. Yonder he wanders in his winter coat, reminding us of his fellows who have more need than he to fight their neighbours in the lonely glens among the Highland hills. So still can it be here that on a misty winter day I have stood in this bastion and located the deer by the sound of a dozen of them nibbling the grass. Near this spot stood the ancient castle of Abercorn, the strongest of the three local castles of the Douglas Clan—Inveravon, Blackness, and Abercorn. The castle was reduced after a month's siege in the year 1455, and nothing of it stands to-day but a circular mound marking its site. All trace of the building was removed when the modern grounds of Hopetoun were laid out. To-day we stand dreaming of the downfall of the Douglasses—a fell family for centuries in our land. But now, in this countryside, nothing of their glory remains.

At the end of the Bastion Walk there is a locked

gate—but most wonders in this world lie just beyond barred gates. So, if you are a true stravaiger, a leap will find you on the other side, standing by an old sundial, with a hope in your heart that you may be forgiven. You are now gazing down into one of the sweetest spots on the Lothian shore—a deep Devon-like coomb, with a stream singing its way between woody banks down to the creek and a grey old house in a garden, sending up blue reek from the very depths of the dell. The old church of Abercorn just hints at its own presence above the tree-fringed height on the landward side of the cove, and the red-deer are belling in the park below. Leap another gate and you are following the old road to the shore, past the house in the hollow. To-day the tide is out, and the sea birds are calling continually from the edge of the water. A solitary whaup is trying its whistle, and now and again the oyster-catchers call. Sitting here on the crumbling sea wall, with the gluck of little waves at the feet, freits of fancy spring up in the mind and people this silent cove with children of romance—old days, the clash of arms in the sun, secret ongoingings of smugglers on the dark nights, a low whistle in the pitchy woods (or was it only a hoolet ?), and the sound of muffled oars out there at the mouth of the burn !

This coomb of Abercorn is threaded by two burns, which join one another just above a grey stone bridge. The tiny rivulet which comes from the south-east, and which doubtless was a larger stream a thousand years ago, is called the Cornie Burn ; the other, and much larger one, which comes from the south-west, is the Pardovan or Midhope Burn.





TORPHICHEN QUHAIR



The Church in ancient days seems always to have sat cheek-by-jowl with the queerest uncocs of blood and witchery. So the church of Abercorn up yonder has for over a thousand years kept its eye on the secret ploys of the adventurers in this hollow coomb. Once upon a time, long gone by, the kingdom of Northumbria came as far as this very spot, and St Wilfred founded a cell here in the year 675 at Aebbercurnig or Abercornie, which means the mouth of the Cornie Burn. Under Trumwin, this church became the See of the earliest bishopric in Scotland. But when the Picts defeated the Northumbrians at Dunichen, the monks of Abercorn fled to Whitby, and on the site of this earliest church the later ones were built. The present church incorporates a fine old Norman doorway, with nook shafts, cushion caps, and a tympanum which is filled in with stones arranged in zigzag fashion. It is worth coming up the dell to this old Kirk of Abercorn to see the ancient doorway, the two carved stones at the back of the church—one of them part of an old cross, and a hog-backed stone in the churchyard—and to admire the peaceful tree-embowered clachan, with its trim houses and fine manse.

Avoiding the main road, we resume our wanderings down at the old grey bridge by the sea-mouth of the coomb, for we are yet to meet surprise after surprise of romance and beauty in these Lothian by-ways. Instead of scrambling along the shore to Blackness we take a most unexpected woodland walk up the Pardovan or Midhope stream, which leads through mellow winter glades, all russet and gold and brown. Crossing and recrossing the

stream by two rustic bridges, past an old moss-grown stone-covered fountain amid the groves, then by an old-world sawmill, and finally emerging from the woods, we are surprised by the tall entrance gates of a forsaken mansion, just where the path ends at a bridge across the mill dam. Into this bridge is built the remains of an old cross. Passing this outer gate, we walk up to the great inner gate of Midhope Castle, noting a fine example of a dove-cot on the left.

The castle is a gaunt Scots keep, with its west-most roof towering against the sky. The courtyard is approached through a massive stone archway, with three spherical finials atop, and an old carved stone let into the right wall—AD.1582.MB. Within the gateway silence reigns, but for a few ruminating hens ; and the only sign of habitation in the castle is the suggestion of a curtain in a window here and there. This was once the country house of the Livingstons, the old-time Earls of Linlithgow, whose town residence was within the Royal Palace of Linlithgow. One of their progenitors—Turstan Leving—witnessed a legal deed of gift for William de Lindsay of Binny, who granted a piece of ground to the chapel of St Giles of Binny as far back as 1187. Here you may still see, over the castle door, a coronet and the initials J L. But some stones of the old house of the Drummonds, onetime owners of Midhope, have been built into the walls—which accounts for the AD. on the stone we have just seen on the inner gateway. Another of these stones, at the right hand side of the main door, is very worn now ; but it bears the pious inscription in black-

letter carving, which is difficult to read now: *Tangene Depres Jesus*—Touch not the thorns of Jesus. Such French inscriptions were common on old Scots houses of the time of James VI. The green courtyard in front of the high Scots castle with its crow-stepped gables; a few cottages outside the archway and across the grassy yard; an old garden with two ancient yew trees—what an old-world tang of reminiscence hangs round Midhope this winter day!

The yew trees are of great girth—one of them thirteen feet, the other fourteen feet, and in the early summer a carpet of blue periwinkles is spread beneath. It was told me long ago, when first I wandered here, that these two trees mark the burial place of two Covenanters. For did not many an outed fugitive of faith fly from that old man-hunter, Tam Dalyell of The Binns, yonder? Did not that namely minister, John Blackadder of Troqueer, preach often in this countryside? And was not good Donald Cargill himself spied upon by John Pairk, the worthless minister of Borrowstounness, as he was sauntering along the shore down-by? These and many other old tales we think upon as we sit watching the pigeons preening themselves on the pete stones of the high gables in the wan sunlight of this strangely lown winter day.

A mile and a half, still westward we go, across the high open fields, with fine views of the Highland hills and the upper waters of the Forth, to yon grim fortress standing bluff and square on a promontory—Blackness Castle. The tower on the rising ground to the left marks the estate of a once notorious man—

General Sir Thomas Dalyell of The Binns. Blackness and Binns—how these two names have been thirled in Scottish history to many a black deed ! It was this same Tam Dalyell who raised the Scots Greys and used them to hunt down the Covenanters. He learned all his barbarisms in Russia. But to the Tartars he brought a heart that was not ill to teach—for when he came back to Scotland he was called the Muscovy Brute. He never shaved his beard after the execution of his royal master, Charles I. His favourite game at Binns was hell—so the old word goes. For, after a hearty meal and a heartier drink, he would lock himself and his guests in a room with a whip apiece, and there they lashed and cursed each other in the dark, until the devil took the side of the hindmost drunken reveller who could stand. He put old women and children to the torture, and would kill old men by slow degrees in loathsome dungeons. Binns, up yonder, was his den—Blackness down here was his dungeon. In those bad days, no bairn in Scotland durst laugh at Tam Dalyell of The Binns. So, we shake our fists at the tower and pass through the long-shore woods to the sands beneath this Covenanter prison, which will for ever be mentioned in history with that other State prison of dark memories—the Bass.

Blackness was the ancient seaport of Linlithgow, until in 1680, Borrowstounness, a few miles further up the shore, took its place. But this grim old castle would take a whole history book to tell its story—a story which begins with the end of that old song the Roman occupation. The Black Douglas lords, Scots kings and queens, raids and burnings,

State prisoners, English bombardments, Cromwell and his soldiers, Covenanters and Conventiclers—they all took a hand in making history here on its battlements and in its dungeons. Up on the green turf of the castle hill you can still trace the remains of St Ninian's Chapel. But Blackness stands far up the Forth, now a grim relic of the days that were.

## XV

# WINTER WANDERINGS IN WEST LOTHIAN

## II

IF the car which you left at Hopetoun has taken the right road, it should be standing waiting for you at the castle gate as you come off the green turf of the little hill. Driving along the quiet, pleasant by-ways by Champany and Bonnytoun, three miles and a bittock will bring you into the old world town of Linlithgow. To any Scot with a taste for history in his soul Linlithgow, with its Palace and its Parish Kirk on the height overlooking the loch, is a hard town to pass through, tempting him as it does to linger for the rest of the day around this noble burgh town, with its Royal Palace of the Stuart Kings. But all the world knows Linlithgow, and our wanderings to-day are to take us among the unexplored by-ways of the county. So, passing slowly along the High Street to the west end, we take the road due south, across the canal, and breast the braes for a couple of miles. On the right lie the policies of Preston House; a swing round the steep bit of road with the nasty turn called the devil's elbow, and we halt at the summit, where the road skirts the base of that miniature West Lothian mountain—Cockleroy.



If it is a clear day, it will repay anyone to walk to the top of Cockleroy (912 feet) to get one of the finest views in the Lothians—westward to the Grampians, north to the Ochils, east to the lands of home about Auld Reekie, and south to the quiet green hills round Torphichen, which we are now to explore. Fife, Clackmannan, Perth, Stirling, Dumbarton, Lanark, Linlithgow, Midlothian, and Haddington—these nine shires, at least, are plainly visible on this clear winter day from Cock-le-roi, the Hill of Kings. The name of William Wallace is in the very air of the place. Yonder on the River Avon is Wallace's cave. At Torphichen, over there, Wallace issued mandates in the year 1298. Here where we stand on this hill-top is Wallace's bed, and over at Polmont is a village called Wallacestone.

Standing on Cockleroy one recalls Robert Louis Stevenson's lines in his poem, "The Scotsman's Return from Abroad"—

In mony a foreign pairt I've been  
And mony an unco ferlie seen,  
Since, Mr Johnstone, you and I  
Last walkit upon Cocklerye.

Wi whatna joy I hailed them a',  
The hilltaps standin' raw by raw,  
The public-house, the Hielan' birks,  
And a' the bonny U.P. Kirks !

—which shows us that Stevenson must have looked on this unrivalled Lothian view, with its panorama of Highland hills in the far distance—Ben Lomond, Stobinian, Ben More, Stuc-a-Chroin, Ben Voirlich, Ben Ledi, and Dumyat—and afterwards poked his

robustious fun at the barnlike kirks of the douce secession burghers in the sleepy town down by.

Just below the hill, on the south side, you can see an old ruined castle in a farmyard. That is Kipps Castle, once the property and residence of Sir Robert Sibbald, physician to Charles II., and an early historian of the county. Near the castle you can see also the remains of an ancient Celtic cromlech, which stood within a circle of stones. Now descend to the road and continue a little way due south. It is a very quiet, remote countryside, which is best known to members of the Linlithgowshire Fox Hunt and to stravaigers like ourselves. For that very reason, few city dwellers know the treasures of ancient things which lie in the heart of these green hills. Yet, here, we are to come to the greatest adventure of the day—for, even now, we are treading the once sacred ground of a city of refuge. The chivalrous Knights of St John of Jerusalem erected this refuge garth 850 years ago, with their monastery at Torphichen as a centre, and certain grey old stones to mark the holy circle which claimed the country within a radius of one mile as sanctuary. On five of these sanctuary stones we may actually lay our hands to-day.

On Craigmailing Hill, on the left hand side of the road, a little further on than Kipps Castle, there is a wooded height called the Witches' Craig. Climb this, and when you get to the top of the wood you will find a wall with a hunt gate in it opening on to the turf beyond. Built into the wall, on the south side of the gate, there is a great stone set in the coping with a double-branched cross

carved in relief on its face. Pass through the gate, and you will see another cross deeply incised on the other side of the stone. This is one of the only remaining refuge stones which made the circle of sanctuary for one mile round the ancient church of the Knights of St John of Jerusalem. Their church still stands in ruins alongside of the Parish Church of Torphichen, behind yon little green hills. These Knight-Hospitallers came to Linlithgowshire in the year 1124, and built their priory with the consent of King David I. of Scotland—that “sair sanct for the croon” and great cathedral builder, who would have welcomed a monk in any guise. The Torphichen Priory, in common with other monasteries, possessed the right of sanctuary. All criminals, debtors, and accused persons who could outrace their pursuers and reach one of these refuge stones were safe from molestation. They were then within the circle of mercy. Thereafter, they were sure of finding justice at the hands of the Knights of St John. Four only of these boundary stones remain standing to-day—this cross-carved Craigmailing stone to the eastward of the monastery; another in a little wood-enclosed field on the side of the avenue to Lochcote House, to the north; a third lying half-buried in a wood near Westfield Paper Mills, to the west; and the fourth standing in a field near Causton, on the south, about two miles from Bathgate. The ordnance map marks one in a field below Craigmailing Hill, beyond the ruins of the little farm called Haddies Walls, but this stone is well within the mile circle. Easy to locate when directed to them, these stones cost the writer

many a hunt and tramp ere he found them all. The Craigmailing stone is the only one of special interest from a sketching point of view on account of its remarkable crosses. Place your hand on it, close your eyes, and let your imagination work. You will almost hear the gasp of relief on this silence-encircled hill as some blood-stained transgressor falls exhausted, with his fingers clutching the Refuge Stone. The centuries crumble away, and you see a Knight of Christ approach the penitent on this hallowed spot.

Before leaving Craigmailing Hill, step over the turf to the east side of the hill and you will find near a wall the Preaching Stone, as it is called. It is a plain, dour, weather-beaten boulder embedded deeply in the hillside, framed in gorse, and graven with a clean-cut inscription, which tells the passer-by that on this spot Mr John Hunter preached from a certain text on the second Sabbath of January 1738. We do not grudge breaking in for a moment on our memories of the old monkish hospitallers of St John to mark this spot, where, in the later centuries, the hardy Seceders with plaid and staff first gathered to worship God, from Falkirk, Shotts, Lanark, the Calders, and Queensferry. For thus the inscription runs: "Jany. 14th, 1738. Here was pred. ye 1st Sern. by ye most worthy Mr Hunter, from ye 37th Chapr. of Ezek. and ye 26th Verse"; and below is added the date 1732, which is the year of the first secession.

A stone's-throw further south, and you join a side road which leads to Torphichen, at the little farm-place of Lower Craigmailing. Part of the walls of

this farm belonged to the great barn-like kirk which latterly was used by the Seceders. Here, by the side of a little window, you can still see the foundation-stone with its chiselled inscription below the whitewash: "Founded May 1742." I knew a man whose grandmother was carted or carried as a little babe from Carnwath to Craigmailing for baptism—sixteen miles as the crow flies, and a good twenty by road. Siccar saints were these old Seceders.

The winter day is now drawing to its dusk, so we take the road again, from Lower Craigmailing, past Cathlaw House, to Torphichen. Passing through the village, with its quaint up-and-down streets, we enter the old kirkyard to visit the priory, or the Quhair (choir), as it is still called. It stands in stately ruins, with a bald, ugly kirk of late date built on to it. As you go up the path from the gate, between the graves, you will see a little square stone, like a milestone, standing in the turf, on the left-hand side. Here is the stone which was the very centre of the circle of sanctuary. It is unique. On the top of it you will find a cross and a small holy water font or cup which, doubtless, the earliest monks of Christ carved on it. But, look down one of the flat sides, and you will also see five strangely smooth little cup markings. That, to the antiquary's eye, is the most interesting sight in this whole day's wanderings. For cup markings make one of the mysteries of archæology. The wise man will not dogmatise about their meaning. He will only say that these little cups or hollows are to be found on stones in Britain, Scandinavia, France,



Germany, and Switzerland, and that they point to some superstitious kind of worship which survived in the late Iron Age, or even in a modified form to Christian times.

Take, then, this cup-marked stone in the old kirk-yard of Torphichen, and if you can imagine it as some mysterious pagan altar-stone, which once lay flat with its little cups running full, what a wonderful vision rises before the mind ! The monks of Christ arrive. They find this pagan altar-stone, lying where our pre-Christian ancestors left it on this magic-haunted worship-spot. They raise it on its end, carve upon its top the sign of the Cross, and hollow out the font and set about converting the pagans to Christianity. There you see one of the most interesting ecclesiastical records in Scotland ; a single stone, showing by its markings, religion redeeming superstition ; Christianity replacing paganism, the Holy Cross set above the cup mark ! There may be other stones in Scotland of a similar kind—I have heard of one in Aberdeenshire with the Cross and the cup on it—but I know of no other which combines cup, Cross, and holy water font.

One glance at the outside of the Quhair will show you the same castle-like tower and cape roof which we noticed in the morning at Queensferry. There remains nothing now but the tower and the two short transepts with a complete dwelling-place over each, thus hinting at a row of dormitories which may have occupied an upper floor. If you are fortunate enough to get hold of the key, step inside, and you will see a fine vaulted roof—the recess of



the tomb where once lay the effigy of Sir Walter Lindsay, the last preceptor but one, of Torphichen Quhair (1538)—and a piscina alongside with a neatly constructed square basin. The memories of eight centuries grip us in the gloom and silence of this vaulted church.

Outside, the winter sun is setting. The sound of the village children at play comes to us through the twilight. There is scarcely light enough to notice the two serpent-and-apple stones in the kirkyard. But we have seen enough for one winter day to make us realise that just beyond the doors of home, there is a glamorous world of old romance if only we will leave the highway and take to the by-ways. Bathgate is just two miles away. That modern blessing to poor tramps—the motor bus—will take us all the way home to the city for a trifle, if we be so minded. But travel one way or another, we will have seen enough in our winter wanderings through West Lothian to convince us that the by-paths just beyond the city boundaries are steeped in history and romance.

## XVI

### CASTLE EERIE

#### TWILIGHT MEMORIES OF AN OLD HOUSE

MYSTERY, like a vapour, hangs about old houses, and the very essence of mystery is a ghost. We never associate ghosts with sunshine and flowers. The fairies always hold their revels on the midsummer nights. Fairies are so young and happy. But, ghosts are deathly things. They smell of the grave. They send trickles of fear through our souls. They are of the order of spirits that walk abroad on the winter nights when darkness and silence brood over the hinmost days of the year. They love the small hours before the dawn, and move along the creaking corridors or up the rickety stairs of many an old house, which stands among its immemorial trees, where the hoolets hoot in the moonlight, and the white beams steal through the little old windows of an ancient hall.

If you wish to find the haunted house, you must leave the city and wander out to the edge of the civic bounds, where the houses threaten to obliterate the ancient landmarks, and the smoke-stacks of an industrial age blacken the last of the fine old trees.

Take the shore road from Granton to Cramond,

and before you have gone very far you will notice on your left a pair of tall quaint stone pillars with a rough wooden gate between them, standing in the dull December twilight. Here is an ideal entry to the world of eerie. Ichabod is written over the whole place, and the sea waves on the desolate shore behind you seem to be sighing with regret for the Dukes and Lords and gentrice who once passed between these pillars, and will never pass again. As you step through a side door you will doubtless wonder where the fine wrought-iron gates are that once adorned these stately pillars with the ducal coronets surmounting their carved finials. You might still lay your hands upon them if you seek them out by Gogar, but there will be a grudge in your heart against the well-known judge who removed them about a hundred years ago.

Pass up the trim walk, which runs beside a trickling stream between the seagate and the old house, and you will find yourself trying to resolve this droll conundrum of sentiment—whether you are chapping at the yett of a seventeenth-century laird or seeking orders at the office of the business firm that now occupies this precious old mansion, and preserves its treasures so well.

You would need a good pair of eyes to read the Latin inscription on the square tablet which is built into the balustrade high up above the front door. But here we have a clue to the building of this “cottage” or *turguliolum*, as this double mansion was originally meant to be. For the sake of a degenerate age which no longer thinks and writes

in Latin, I beg leave to transliterate this singular memorial. Indeed, it might very well pass for a morality in these times :—

Riches unemployed are of no avail ; but when passed round do much good. Increase of gear means increase of care. Wherefore, for their own comfort and that of their friends, George and Anne, Viscount and Viscountess of Tarbat, have caused this small cottage (*turguliolum*) to be built in the year of the Christian era, 1685. Enter then, O guest, for this is the house of entertainment. It is ours now : soon it will be another's : but whose afterwards we neither know nor care. For none hath a certain dwelling. Therefore, let us live while we may.

As I was standing in the gloaming turning over the beauty of this quaint memorial a voice seemed to whisper from the great bush near by—

“Whase aught this hoose ? ”

But a man in search of ghosts is not likely to let himself be taigled with genealogies or leaseholds. Let it suffice to say that George Mackenzie, Viscount Tarbat and first Earl of Cromarty, built this place of Royston ; that John, second Duke of Argyle, the good Duke of Jeanie Deans, bought it and rechristened it Caroline Park after his queen : and that, when the Duke's daughter married the Earl of Dalkeith, the estate passed to the Duke of Buccleuch, in whose family the house remained until a few years ago. This dateless rigmarole of lairdship might be easily exalted into a whole history which began with Charles II. and ended with Victoria of blessed memory—but our



THE OLD SEA-GATE OF CAROLINE PARK





only object is to win at the last resident, who was no other than that siccar old Scots songstress, Lady John Scott of Spottiswoode, whose whole life was expressed in her favourite motto—"Haud fast by the past." She has left a glamerie about this old house, not to speak of a green ghost and the mysterious sound of a bumping cannon ball in the "Aurora" drawing-room. So let us slip in at the front door ere the light of this December day is quite gone, and tread softly from room to room.

It is a queer double-fronted mansion. For his lordship who bigged it, in 1685, was not for long contented with a cottage. He transformed his *turguliolum* into a regular mansion, built the new house round a hollow court, changed the main entrance from the north side to the south side, so that to-day you will find a flagged path across the courtyard, from the one door to the other, with a covering roof running all the way. The feature of the newer south front is the pair of canopied roofs at either end, giving the place the character of an old French château. As you go up the main stairway you will not move very fast, so interested will you be in the wrought-iron balustrade of flowers and arabesques; while in that on the lesser stairway you will admire the cunning artistry that has interwoven in metal, the thistle, the rose, and the oak leaf. One reception room has a fine plaster ornament on the roof, like a circular frame, enclosing an oil painting of Aurora, or the Dawn, by N. Heude, Inventor. In the next room the ceiling is equally fine, with a painting of Diana and Endymion by the same artist. There are monochromes on the

walls of several rooms which are believed to have been painted by De la Cour, an artist who did similar work in some Edinburgh houses. In an upstairs lumber room there is a priest's hidie-hole, with a secret passage behind the wall, an ill place to perambulate to-day for a man who wears anything but a gangrel's duds. A gey place is the coal-house at the left-hand side of the north door, downstairs. It was the larder, and the great iron hooks from which the oxen were hung are still fixed in the vaulted roofs. On the floor there is an opening which leads to the old wine cellars.

But to me the mystery of the whole place is to be found in the Aurora drawing-room. I can see Lady John Scott sitting in this white panelled room, with the portraits of the exiled Stuart kings all about her, playing her harp and singing the immortal songs which she wrote and composed: "Ettrick," "Durisdeer"—and many another, and by the touch of her genius transforming "Annie Laurie" into one of our finest songs. It was but yesterday in an older mansion than this that I met one, who said that to have heard Lady John sing "Annie Laurie" to her own accompaniment on the harp, was to lose something each time the song is sung by anyone else.

It was about eleven o'clock one night that the unearthly sound was heard. The limpid notes of the harp and singer's sweet voice were silent and Lady John was sitting all alone. The night was as still as death. Suddenly, the window was burst open and a cannon ball came bounding into the room, bumping its way across the floor with three resounding thumps, until it lay at the foot of a draught-

screen. Lady John rang the bell furiously, but when the servants appeared the window was closed, there was no sign of any damage, and the ball could not be found. As there are no rooms above the Aurora drawing-room, the mystery was never explained. But in 1879 a governess witnessed the same performance, heard the same sound, and was so terrified that she would never again sit alone in the room. Indeed, the cannon ball episode became so usual in Caroline Park that the two family servants who were always left in charge of the house, grew quite accustomed to it, and ceased to be even alarmed. Here surely was a freit that was more than mere fancy !

At the east side of the house, under the trees where the daffodils used to blow, there was in Lady John's day an old moss-grown well ; and in the little square courtyard of the house there hung an alarm bell. Her grand-nieces, who often stayed with her, would not have gone near that well for worlds, in the dark of a winter night, not for fear of tumbling into it, but for fear of what might come out of it. For at midnight the green ghost of a former Lady Royston used to rise slowly out of the well, and walk in her mystic robes of emerald across the field to the front door. How she passed through the steikit yett I know not, but she next appeared in the courtyard and rang the alarm bell. Did not Lady John's grand-niece, Margaret Warrender, many a time lie abed and listen to the tolling of the bell when everybody was asleep in the old house, and the night was still, with not a breath of wind to sway the iron tongue ? Standing under the covered

way in the courtyard on this dark December day I looked for the bell, but it was gone. What would we not give if at midnight we could creep in here and see the Green Lady flitting, distraught, along the covered way, making search for the old bell rope!

It was an eerie Jacobite atmosphere that hung about Royston in those days, when old Scrymgeour, the last family gardener, used to work among the enchanting tangle of flowers, fruit trees, and shady bowers that made the garden. The old walled garden is there still, with the ruins of Royston Castle at the north-west angle of the wall. Peaches and apricots ripened on the walls in those delicious days. Surely the suns must have been warmer then! And yet, no—for in October of this inclement, summerless year of grace 1924, I saw a great tree on a red brick wall in an old garden within a mile of Liberton, and its branches were laden with peaches that glowed red in the afternoon light.

Old Granton Castle—the real Royston, which was built in 1544—stands on a rock overhanging the shore. As we gaze through its empty windows, at the workmen who are gradually quarrying away the rock, there comes a sough of the Melvilles who first built it; or Henry VIII., whose raiding seamen burned it; of Sir Thomas Hope of Craigiehall, the Advocate of Charles I., who lived here when he wished to get a breath of purer air than that he could find at his house in the Cowgate.

Here, too, I can see ghosts: within this old shell of a castle which until recently was a considerable

ruin : and down yonder, on the melancholy shore, where in the fading light an old woman is gathering coal-washings on the edge of the tide.

A messenger comes to the old house with news of a wreck in the Firth, and a cargo washed up on the shore below the gates. The Lady of Royston is soon dashing down the avenue with her company of young gallants—grand-nieces and nephews—at her heels. There, sure enough, on the rocks and sand are scattered books and workcases, knives, and curiosities such as children love. On another day the alarm is raised that the ruined castle is held by robbers. So an assault is planned. Treading softly, a search is made, the robbers are actually found, the fight begins, and after dispersing the enemy the wild men are seen scampering off through the gardens, leaving behind them untold treasures in the vaults and dungeons. And yet Lady John had arranged the whole ploy ! The mysterious messengers, the robbers lurking in the castle—they were all her own servants. The wreck and the litter on the shore, or the seizing the robbers in the ruins, it was all stage-managed by herself ! What a romantic way of giving the children presents—the litter on the shore and the treasures in the dungeons ! I wonder if there are any old ladies left in the world to-day like Lady John Scott ?

As I turn my back on the haunted house I can hear the cannon ball thumping on the floor of the Aurora drawing-room, and the clang of the bell at midnight as the Green Lady pulls the bell-rope in the courtyard, with her ghostly garments dripping with the water of the well. But better far than

the sound of phantom cannon balls or clanging bells is the music of Lady John's harp as she sits alone in the white-panelled room, unaffrighted by ghosts or bogles, singing one of her own songs.

Like dew on the gowan lying  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,  
And like winds in summer sighing  
Her voice is low and sweet.  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
And she's a' the world to me,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doun and dee!



## XVII

### INCHCOLM

#### THE IONA OF THE EAST

OF all the islands of the Forth on which there are remains of ancient churches—the Bass Rock, the May Island, Fidra, Inchkeith and Inchcolm—the most interesting is Inchcolm, with its splendidly preserved ruins of an ancient abbey which stands on the site of the original Columban settlement. It may well be called “The Iona of the East,” for, not only are its religious traditions bound up with St Columba, who spread the gospel all over Scotland from the sacred isle of Iona, but on Inchcolm to-day we can look upon the best preserved ruins of any of the most ancient monastic establishments in Scotland.

The most precious building on Inchcolm is the Celtic Cell which was occupied by a Columban hermit. This Cell stands at the extreme north-west corner of the abbey garden, and with it is bound up the whole story of the origin of the Abbey. While Alexander I. was crossing the Forth some time during the first quarter of the twelfth century—he reigned from 1106 to 1124—he was caught in a violent storm and had to land for safety on the island of Inchcolm. He and his followers were maintained

for three days by the hermit who was living in the little Columban Cell on the island, and who fed the King and his friends on shell-fish and the milk of his one cow. Alexander, in the year 1123, founded and endowed the Monastery of Inchcolm out of gratitude to God for his deliverance, and brought to the island some of the Augustinian canons who were living at the Monastery of Scone, which the King and his wife Sybilla had founded about ten years before. Little wonder that the Hermit's Cell was preserved as a relic by the later monks. These little cells or churches were erected in desolate spots and on islands all over the west of Scotland and elsewhere. The oldest specimens of Columban cells are to be found on one of the Garvelloch Isles to the south of Oban—Eilean na Naoimh—the Isle of Saints—and it is to the period of these ancient little cells and Columban churches that this Cell on Inchcolm belongs. It may be that its exact date will never be ascertained. But, although it measures only about sixteen feet long by four feet ten inches at the entrance and six feet at the east end, its style of building, its little window at the east end, its tiny ambry and its barrel roof all point to this Cell being one of the few relics of the Columban church which remain to us in the east of Scotland. The wonder is that it still remains, for although it has doubtless been frequently repaired, it has been used in later times both as a toolhouse and a pigsty.

The original Monastery has been added to at different dates, the Church being the oldest part, and consisting of a nave and a central tower with

a small northern transept. The newer Choir to the east has long since disappeared, and only the foundations can be traced to-day. This choir was probably about one hundred feet long by about twenty feet in breadth. The Lady Chapel (a smaller church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin or "Our Lady," at the extreme end of the choir behind the altar) is here seen to open off the south side of the now demolished choir. It has been covered with a pointed barrel vault, and a portion of that still stands.

The Cloisters at Inchcolm are very interesting, because they also form the ground storey of the domestic apartments round three sides of the cloister garth. The usual cloister was merely a covered walk which ran round the inner walls of the courtyard or garth or garden, from which doors led off to the various apartments. But, at Inchcolm, the ambulatory occupies the whole of the ground floor. This cool, dark walk, with its small round-headed windows, its stone seats in the deep recesses and its barrel roof, is very striking and primitive when a blazing sun sends slanting shafts of light across the gloom.

On the north side of the cloister garth ran the exposed wall of the nave and tower of the early church, which meant that the entrance to the church through the tower was exposed to the weather. So, at a later date, a covered way of the more usual type was erected by the monks along the north side of the cloister garth, and judging by the raglets in the walls which carried the sloping roof of this covered way, as well as by the founda-

tions for a thin parapet wall, and five buttresses that still remain, it is easy to picture this lean-to addition.

Above the ambulatory were the monks' apartments; on the east side the dormitory, on the south side the refectory, and on the west side the novices' quarters. Access to these was got by means of the small stair, which is lighted by very small windows that look out on the cloister garth. In the refectory can still be seen the remains of the pulpit from which one of the monks read while the brothers were eating. A few steps in the thickness of the wall led up to it.

But the most considerable building, which opens off the eastern ambulatory, is the Chapter House—the building that was always incorporated in a monastic establishment or cathedral, and in which the chapter or clergy met to transact business. At Inchcolm the Chapter House is octagonal, and, like the choir, it seems to have been added towards the end of the thirteenth century. This date is confirmed in Inchcolm by the fact that Sir Alan Mortimer of Aberdour made large gifts of money and land to the Monastery in 1216, and purchased a right of burial in the Abbey Church. But when he died the monks who were conveying his body in a leaden coffin across the deep channel which runs between the Fife shore and the Sacred Isle, so mismanaged the barge that the coffin was lost overboard. Ever since, this channel has been known to seamen as Mortimer's Deep. So it was doubtless with Sir Alan's rich gifts that the later buildings at Inchcolm were erected in the thirteenth

century. It is well known that little or no monastic building was carried on in Scotland from that time till the fifteenth century.

The octagonal Chapter House has a groined vault. The ribs spring from round shafts, and where they meet in a carved boss in the centre of the roof, there is a circular hole opening into the floor of the chamber above through which a lamp may have been lowered. The Chapter House has a fine doorway, a stone bench with a step running round the chamber, and three arched recesses with seats at the east end. Here sat the abbot, with the prior on his right and the sub-prior on his left. The chamber above is a rude and later erection, which was probably used as a warming room or study for the monks. It is said that the Scots historian—Walter Bower—who continued “Fordun’s Chronicles of Scotland,” may have added this study for his own use. He was the eleventh abbot and the greatest of them all. He was born at Haddington in 1385, and his reign at Inchcolm began in 1418. We can imagine the learned abbot sitting comfortably up there in his warm study working diligently at his history with the wild winter storms howling about him and his island monastery.

The large range of buildings across the entrance court from the Chapter House and the Lady Chapel were domestic offices. Here were the cellars, lighted by loop-holes, and above them five or six offices, two with large fireplaces and one with an oven in the angle.

The buildings on the north side of the tower and



close to the sea may have been a guest- or a lazareth-house.

Between the monastery walls and the rocky height of the island on the west lay the garden. Over the garden wall to the south there is the monastery well—forty feet deep and built of stone. It is the only water supply on the island, and the water is cold and pleasant, though hard.

Beyond the garden on the grassy hilltop to the west lies an ancient gravestone—a fine specimen of a hog-backed stone which was used for a grave covering. It is a moving thought that this is the site of the ancient Danish graveyard of Inchcolm to which Shakespeare made reference in “Macbeth,” Act I., Scene 2, in connection with the defeat of Sweno, the King of Norway :—

Sweno, the Norway's King, craves composition ;  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men  
Till he disbursed at St Colm's Inch  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Here many human bones have been found, and the historians, Holinshed and Bellenden, mention, “Manie greit stanes graven with the armes of the Danes.” We must remember that the Scandinavian Vikings harried and ruled our western seaboard and the isles from the end of the eighth century to the middle of the thirteenth century. Haco, the last of these rover kings, was defeated at the Battle of Largs in 1263. It will not astonish us, therefore, if this ancient burial mound on Inchcolm yields some interesting finds to the careful restorers.

Inchcolm, like Iona, was robbed, harried and



burned many times. In 1335 it was harried by the English, who stole many of the precious things belonging to the monastery—chalices, censers, crosses, chandeliers, relics, vestments and images. It was attacked again in 1336. It was plundered and set on fire by the fleet of Richard II. in 1384. In 1543 the abbey seems to have been deserted, but after the Battle of Pinkie in 1547 it was occupied as a centre for his fleet by that ruthless destroyer of many of our finest border abbeys—Hertford, Duke of Somerset.

It is quite apparent that the Abbey of Inchcolm has been occupied as a private residence, and one of the first tasks of the restorers was to remove the partitions and plaster ceilings which have for generations hidden the beauties of the original building.

For centuries the abbey has been the property of the Earls of Moray, and this is the story of how it came into the hands of that great Scots family. James Stuart of Beith was a favourite of James V. and also of Pope Paul III. So he used his influence with the King to get his son appointed as one of the canons of Inchcolm. The son ultimately became commendator of the abbey, and on the dissolution of the monasteries was granted a feu-charter of the lands of St Colme, and in 1581 a peerage under the title of Lord Doune. On his death in 1590, the island passed to his son, who married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Good Regent Murray, and who succeeded to the title and honours of his father-in-law. He thus became the second Earl of Moray—the “Bonny Earl of Moray” of the ballad. Cast

your eye over yonder to the earl's lordly house of Donibristle on the Fife shore, and you can picture the whole circumstances of the ballad. The story goes that the handsome earl was loved by Anne of Denmark, King James's queen. He was suspected by the King, who ordered Moray's greatest enemy, the Earl of Huntly, to apprehend him. Huntly came on Moray one night in his house at Donibristle, ordered him to surrender, and on his refusing set fire to the house. Moray fought his way through his enemies and escaped to the seashore, but he was betrayed by the plumes of his helmet which had caught fire. Huntly, Gordon of Buckie, and others followed him, and in the struggle to capture him, Gordon of Buckie wounded the Bonny Earl. When he felt himself dying, the earl exclaimed : " Ye hae spoiled a better face than your ane." Then Buckie, pointing a dagger at Huntly's breast, exclaimed with an oath, " You shall be as deep in this as I." So Huntly was forced to pierce the defenceless body.

He was a braw gallant  
And he played at the gluve ;  
And the bonny Earl o' Moray  
He was the Queen's luvie.

O lang will his ladye  
Look frae the castle Doune,  
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray  
Come soondin' thro' the toon.

The old ballad expressed the popular feeling of indignation at the slaying of the Bonny Earl.

What a centre of ecclesiastical history is this

Island of Inchcolm ! Alexander I., who founded the abbey, was a son of Queen Margaret, who, by her remarkable influence, won over the Celtic Church in Scotland to the Roman ritual. She is commemorated in Edinburgh by St Margaret's Chapel on the Castle Rock—the oldest building in the city—and by Dunfermline Abbey, where she had her shrine. King Edgar I., another of her sons, has his name enshrined in Port Edgar over yonder, now a naval base. Alexander I., not only founded this Abbey of Inchcolm, but he gave lands to the churches at Durham and Dunfermline and founded the monastery at Scone. King David I., a third son of Queen Margaret, will always be remembered as the patron of the great Scots Cathedral builders.

The very name of Queensferry reminds us of the mother of these three kings—for Margaret, who first landed at St Margaret's Hope, founded hostels on both sides of the Forth, and instituted a free ferry for all pilgrims who wished to travel to the shrine of St Andrew in Fife. At Abercorn over yonder, which was once the northern limits of Northumbria, Bishop Trumwin, who was appointed as Bishop of the Picts, had his see in the seventh century. At Culross, further up the shores of Fife, lived St Serf, who succoured the Princess Thenew when she landed from a coracle in which her father Loth, King of Lothian, had set her adrift.

But greatest and best of all these early shrines remaining to us to-day is this wonderful Island of St Colm or Columba.

## XVIII

# THE BANNOCKBURN CLOCK

### SCOTLAND AND THE ROMANOVS

IT is a far cry from the field of Bannockburn to the foul, blood-splashed cellar of the Ippatievsky House in Ekaterinburg. There, on the night of July 16, 1918, the Czar of all the Russias and his family were butchered in cold blood, and one might think it impossible to find a romantic link between a bonfire on Bannockburn and one of the great Romanov rulers of Russia, who are now no more.

Yet here is the link ; in this quaint, old, paper-covered book which lies on the table before me. It takes us back to the year 1804 ; to Alexander I., Emperor of Russia ; to an old Scotswoman in St Ninians parish and her sailor boy in prison at St Petersburg ; to the Czar's famous Scots doctor ; and to an old eight-day clock which was last heard of in a cottage on the estate of Kippen in Perthshire. The story is entrancing and I shall set it down as simply and shortly as possible.

Not long after the nineteenth century opened, when Napoleon was making history in Europe and Nelson was keeping the seas, a young lad named John Wilcox left his mother's cottage in St Ninians parish, crossed the Forth at the nearest ferry, and

apprenticed himself to Robert Spittal, the master of a sailing vessel called the "Ann Spittal," of Alloa. The little schooner traded between the Forth and Russia. But all sailors on the high seas in war-time, as we so well know now, are in constant danger. So, by ill luck, both Robert Spittal, the ship's master, and John Wilcox, his apprentice, were taken prisoners and confined at St Petersburg. There the boy remained in prison till he was liberated in the year 1804. The whole romance of his release is set forth in this little Bannockburn ballad.

During the Napoleonic Wars, as in the Great World War, many a mother was worn out by anxiety about her prisoner son—and Betty Wilcox sat at her spinning wheel in St Ninians, with her heart in Russia, praying for the deliverance of her boy. Like other Scots mothers she had the courage and grit to attempt great things. For she not only prayed, but she made up her mind to add to her prayers a practical attempt on her own part to win an answer. Then as always Heaven helps them that help themselves. But did ever Scots mother set out on such a droll adventure of faith and works?

She made up her mind to knit a pair of silk stockings for the Czar, wrap them round with a special petition, and send on the parcel to St Petersburg, in the hope that between God's mercy and her own exertions she would get back her son. If the story were not true, I would not have the courage to tell it. But the old woman's adventure of faith and action makes a fine rebuke to our small-spirited prayers in this twentieth century of grace.

She had just enough money to buy the silk but

she had not enough to pay the coach fare to Paisley, that famous home of shawls and thread. There she knew the finest silk at that time could be got. So she set out on foot and walked the thirty miles to Paisley, selected the silk, and walked the thirty miles home again. Then she sat down and began to knit the stockings. They were white and dark-blue marl. I have a little hank of the original stuff before me as I write. While she knitted she dreamed of the Czar and kept praying to God. But the village folks only smiled and pitied the old woman for her half-crazed norie. The stockings were knitted in the Troy pattern, which was very fashionable at the beginning of the nineteenth century. When they were finished Betty, who could neither read nor write, called in the village scribe to assist her in drawing up a form of petition or prayer to the Czar. She instructed the writer to put down exactly what she dictated. If she herself had been able to write, I doubt not she would have scorned to call any village dominie to her assistance. So the schoolmaster wrote the letter with his tongue in his cheek, and probably laid a wager in the village that this epistle would never reach the Czar.

Her next difficulty was to get the precious parcel despatched to Russia. It was a tough problem when the North Sea was within the war zone, and when there was no system of Army Post Office or prisoners' parcel transport such as worked so well in the recent war. But a Scot ignores difficulties, and Betty, who had walked sixty miles for the silk, ransacked the Forth ports until she found a vessel



sailing for Russia. She made up to the captain, told him her story, saw him smile, and handed him the parcel. Like a true sportsman he entered into the game, and promised to do his best to get the parcel delivered to Alexander I. when the ship reached St Petersburg. A sailor dearly loves an adventure, and I can see Betty having a square meal in the captain's cabin before setting out again on her long tramp back to St Ninians, with every man-jack on board cheering her as she crossed the gangway.

The next part of the story is even more remarkable. For the captain—bless him!—being a clannish Scot, knew other Scots who were quartered in St Petersburg at the time. He did not do the obvious thing and appeal to the British Ambassador, but he did what was better and made straight for the Royal Palace, where he asked for Sir James Wylie. It is all so like a chapter out of John Galt. Sir James was the Czar's personal physician, and a native of Kincardine-on-Forth, just down the water from Alloa. He was born in 1768, went to Russia in 1790, and died in 1854. This most distinguished Scots physician, whose portrait used to hang in the drawing-room of his niece (Mrs Haldane Wylie) at Kincardine, is described in the inscription attached to the picture :—

Sir James Wylie, Baronet, Privy Councillor to His Imperial Majesty, Body Physician, Chief of the Medical Department in the Army, Knight of the Order of St Ann, 1st class, of Waldemer 2nd degree, and of various foreign orders.

Sir James, naturally feeling sib to every soul who

lived within sight of his old home at Kincardine-on-Forth, took the parcel from the sea captain, and had no scruples about handing it direct to the Czar. He read the letter, and interpreted it to Alexander I., whose heart immediately softened to the Scots lad lying in one of his own prisons. Needless to say, John Wilcox was released and sent home to his mother, with the gift of a purse of gold from the Czar. We do not wonder at this, when we remember that Alexander I. was something of a pietist, with warm sympathies for Protestantism and British ways of thinking. Did he not once receive a deputation of Quakers, with whom he both wept and prayed? And did not the British and Foreign Bible Society establish itself in St Petersburg with marked success during his reign? Just before he died in 1825 he said: "Men may say of me what they please, I have lived and will die a Republican." Little wonder, then, that this great Czar with the Scots doctor, should be so soft-hearted where a poor Scotswoman and her son were concerned.

So, Betty's prayer was answered and her adventure of faith, not to speak of her own determination, was rewarded when she got her long-lost son home. There was great rejoicing in the parish of St Ninians, and the youngsters lighted a bonfire on the field of Bannockburn in honour of Alexander I. of Russia. It was, doubtless, the only occasion in history when Bannockburn, that ancient place where Scotland won her freedom, was linked directly with the House of Romanov.

But Betty Wilcox was so grateful for her son's

return that she determined to make a memorial in her humble home to Alexander I.; and the same mother wit which made her knit the silk stockings made her come to a decision about the memorial. For she determined to spend the money in ordering an eight-day clock, to be made of the finest materials by the best-known local maker, with a dial on which the whole story was to be pictured. The order was executed, the clock was finely finished, the dial told the whole story of the Czar of Russia and the Scots peasant, and when the clock was at last set up in Betty's cottage it became a thing of renown which visitors travelled far to see.

This historic clock, after the death of Betty Wilcox, was for a long time in possession of the widow of the sailor son, who, when she became an old woman, still welcomed tourists who came to see it. Doubtless the clock has travelled far since that. When it stood in the cottage at Kippen, near Dunning in Perthshire, a hank of the original silk in two colours was attached to it, and part of this hank is still pinned to the little book before me. Written above the silk, on the last page of the book, there is this quaint Scots couplet referring to the clock :—

Wha'd hae thocht it  
Stockings bocht it.

When this little ballad book was written in 1892 the authoress sent a copy to the reigning Czar of Russia, Alexander III. His father, Alexander II., was a nephew of the Czar who received the stockings, and he will ever be remembered as the liberator

of the Russian serfs—for he freed twenty millions of them in 1861. He was rewarded by repeated attempts on his life by the Nihilists, shot at in his capital, his train blown up by a mine, a dynamite explosion beneath the Imperial apartments in the Winter Palace, and finally blown to death by a bomb in the street near his own door. The Czar sent the following gracious acknowledgment :—

Ambassade Imperiale de Russie.

Madam,—The book of poetry which you have addressed to the Emperor has reached its august destination, and His Imperial Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept the present and to command me to convey to you his thanks for it. In discharging herewith the agreeable duty I avail myself of the opportunity to assure you of the sentiments of my high esteem.

(Signed) STAAL.

16 November, 1892.

It is pathetic to remember that this Czar only escaped assassination after many attempts by the Nihilists by shutting himself up as a prisoner in his own palace. He died at Livadia in 1894.

But it is very pleasant to remember the Bannockburn Clock, which over a hundred years ago formed the romantic link between a Scotswoman and the Royal House of Russia.

## XIX

### BALMERINO

#### A CLOISTER GARTH IN FIFE

BALMERINO, or Ba'mirnie, as the true Fifer calls it, is a name rich with the romance of old Scots history. A group of red-tiled cottages snuggling amid little gardens, their sun-bathed faces all ablush with roses, looking over the blue waters of the Tay; the ruins of an ancient abbey founded in the dim long-ago by Ermengard, Queen of Scots and mother of a king; a garden enclosed amid the ruins, with paths of close-cropped turf, beds of forget-me-not, and the scent of lavender drugging the hot noontide of a June day; the sough of an adventurous Jacobite lord who loyally lost his head for Tearlach Og with a brave show of gaiety—it was all these things, so dear to the heart of a Scotsman, that drew us there.

It was a smokeless summer of strike and idleness, and the industrial centres of Scotland had never looked so fair. As we stood on Balgay Hill, Dundee looked like some city of the Riviera glittering in clear sunlit airs, with the greens of Gowrie and the blue waters of the sea circling it like a girdle of emeralds and sapphires. Crossing the wide estuary by the ferry, the untainted wind sang in the cordage of the old boat, and the sun burned on the sixty-

year-old decks, making us feel that we were voyaging in some foreign land where belching chimneys and roaring factories were never heard of. The car whisked us along the leafy roads of Fife, past the woods of Naughton, and round a sharp corner to the right—and there, in the warm silence of a perfect summer day, we were plunged into centuries of remembrance as we stopped at the little gate that leads into the Abbey of Balmerino.

More kirk history has been squeezed through Fife than through any other county in Scotland. St Mungo at Culross, St Margaret at Dunfermline, Knox at St Andrews, Henderson at Leuchars, the Erskines beyond the Lomonds, Gillespie at Dunfermline, and Chalmers close-by at Kilmeny.

We pass through the gate and look round on the meagre ruins of Balmerino Abbey. This little Cloister Garth makes one of the many chapters of pre-Reformation history which we can dig out of the archives of Fife. But apart from those wise Dundonians who know the old-world spot as an idyllic place for a day's outing, there are perhaps few Scotsmen who are aware of this haven of peace. To-day old men stand about at gable-ends in the sun; the sounds of the world never break the rural tranquillity; the cottages are thrown down like mischancy dice out of a gaming box; and the gardens breathe out sweetness from roses red and white, appleringie, lavender, sweet briar, and Bonny Jamie.

It was long ago, in the year 1225, that Queen Ermengard planned this Cistercian monastery, and soon a band of sandalled monks set out from Melrose for Balmerino under the guidance of Alan, the first



Abbot, travelling by Soutra, Edinburgh, and the Queen's Ferry to the shores of Fife. Making their way across "the Kingdom," they came to the brow of the hill, and blessed the Queen when they saw below them Balmerino and the great estuary of the Tay, with the Carse of Gowrie and the Sidlaws beyond. Balmerino and Ermengard! How the names make music in the ear to-day!

But this good Queen, who was the widow of William the Lion and mother of Alexander II., did not live to see the Abbey in all its glory, for she died in 1233, and was buried in the new church before the high altar. The monks, however, went on building. They got permission from Hugo of Nydie to hew stones out of the Nydie quarries, eight miles away, near St Andrews. They also got permission from William of Burghlyn to use his private road and to cross the ford over Eden. We know very little about the building of this Abbey. But one night in December of 1547 Admiral Thomas Wyndham sailed up the Tay on the instruction of Somerset—that ruthless Englishman who destroyed so many beautiful buildings in Scotland—and, in his own words, "bornt the Abbey, with all thyngs that wer in it." This damage was, doubtless, repaired, but in 1559 Balmerino received its death-wound, when the Earl of Argyle and the Prior of St Andrews destroyed the churches of St Andrews, and then "convened a great company of countrymen, and passed to the Abbeys of Lindores and Balmerino, the parish kirks within Fife, and did the like."

That is an old, sore story, but its sequel was

always the same. A Court favourite was invariably appointed commendator. He drew two-thirds of the revenue, the remaining third being handed over to the Crown and the Reformed minister. The lucky man in this case was John Hay, of the family of Naughton overby, who was appointed commendator in 1561. In 1605 the office was made over to the King, and the Abbacy was converted into a temporal lordship in favour of Sir James Elphinstone with the title of Lord Balmerino. It was this Fifeshire laird who joined with others in trying to "plant policy" and make a settlement in the Island of Lewis in the year 1609. But he was convicted of treason for having affixed the King's signet to a letter addressed to Pope Clement VIII. after James had refused to correspond with his Holiness. That was the end of an old song, for Balmerino, Secretary of State, and first Lord of that ilk. It was the sixth Lord, Arthur Elphinstone, the ardent Jacobite, who, after Culloden, was arrested along with the Marquis of Tullibardine, Lords Kilmarnock, Cromartie, Lovat, and Murray of Broughton. Cromartie was pardoned, Tullibardine died in the Tower, Murray, the traitor, bartered his honour for his life. But Kilmarnock, Lovat, and Balmerino lost their heads; the first praying for King George on the off-chance of a pardon; the second, like the two-faced traitor that he was, polluting his lips by repeating one of the cleanest sentiments in life—*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*—the gay Balmerino declaring with his last breath that he would die a thousand deaths for his Prince—Tearlach Og.

The end of an old song, indeed ! We can almost hear the last notes of it as we sit beside the two effigy stones, trying to recreate the Abbey and the Cloister Garth. In this cold grey northland the cloister was often built on the south side of the church to catch the sun—as at St Andrews, Lindores, Culross, Newbattle, and others. But here, as at Melrose, and in the warm continental countries, the cloister was built to the north. Balmerino Abbey had a nave and a south aisle, but no north aisle. You can still see the foundations of the central pillars, the remains of the north transept, and a short presbytery. From this transept you enter the sacristy, a chamber covered with a barrel roof. Beside the sacristy is the Chapter House. The connecting doorway, like many other features of Balmerino, was added at a later date when the Commendator transformed the Abbey into a dwelling-house. The Chapter House, with its groined roof, its pillars, and its surrounding seats is the glory of Balmerino still. In the east wall of it there is a doorway with fan-lights over it and two square-headed windows. These were alterations made for the later mansion-house. The wheel-stair outside the sacristy would be added at the same time. Lying against the north wall of the Chapter House there are some old bits of carved work—one stone especially being well worth sketching, has a square of interlaced work, showing a strong Celtic influence. Adjoining the Chapter House is a narrow vaulted apartment, with a seat on either side. It is unlighted by any windows, and is entered by a door from the east. This was,

no doubt, the slype, or passage, which led from the gardens to the Cloister Garth. Beyond this narrow apartment is a building containing three cells—two upper and a lower one, and may have served as the penitentiary. If so—how many sorry monks must have sat on these little stone seats or kneeled in an agony of prayer on the cold, dank floor! Down in these black cells not even the heat of the fiercest summer sun could warm the shivering body of the poor penitent who said his prayers with chattering lips.

The Cloister Garth lay to the north, where the farm buildings now stand. Indeed, you can still see part of a west gable with its dovecot nests above the farm roofs. On the skew putt at the north side of the gable there is a coat of arms—two bars embattled. Also, on a dormer built into the farmstead there is another coat of arms with date and initials.

The only other remains of note are to be found about ninety feet to the east of the Chapter House. Here, in all probability, stood the Abbot's House. But only a vaulted cellar remains, doubtless well stocked in the Abbot's day, but empty and flavourless now.

Balmerino, with the great trees casting shadows over the flower beds and ruins, is a place in which to dream long dreams, to forget the world and to win tranquillity. Once outside the Abbey grounds you can wander down to the shore and bask on the sun-baked turf. At the old pier three men are throwing long lead-weighted lines to catch flukies. Up by Birkhill a salmon cobble is drifting on the flowing

tide. The dim blue hills are sleeping beyond the Carse of Gowrie, and down below us the little waves gluck in and out, making a slumberous song along the quiet shores.

But it is three miles to the station by the field path along the heights above the sea. This saunter along the pleasant grassy braes in the late afternoon brings a perfect summer day to a close. Balmerino and Ermengard, Barmirnie of the monks. So near, and yet so far, from all the worries of a weary world. Peace be to all who seek the silence and the shelter of your Cloister Garth.

## XX

### CASTLE DUNGEONS

#### GHOSTS OF HISTORY AND ROMANCE

LITTLE wonder that the eye of every intelligent Scot is lifted with pride to the Castle on the Rock of Edinburgh. Yonder stands the most ancient monument of civilisation in this old grey city of the North. From the earliest times there was a fortress on that beetling crag. From the days of Queen Margaret, the Castle was a Royal residence. All these walls and towers and buildings, as they stand to-day, make a history of Scotland in stone, and if we could only pierce below the outer crust of masonry, what secrets might we not come upon !

In the year 1912 an official inspection of the older part of the Castle by three wise men led to a very important discovery. In the coal cellar of the soldiers' canteen there was found a stone-vaulted recess, with a narrow slit or shot-hole. If that slit in the coal cellar could only be located on the outer walls below the Half-Moon Battery, other discoveries might follow. The work of excavation began from the battery itself on the 12th of August, and when our sportsmen were knocking over grouse on the moors of Scotland, the Government diggers were knocking through the little shot-hole. That was



the beginning of the adventure. After a time they came to a stone floor, which was afterwards found to be the top of a vault. Having broken into the chamber below they gradually made their way to other underground chambers. But the excavation entailed an enormous amount of work. Hundreds of tons of earth and stone were taken to the surface in buckets. Now, a labyrinth of chambers and passages has been restored for those who are fortunate enough to get permission for a private view.

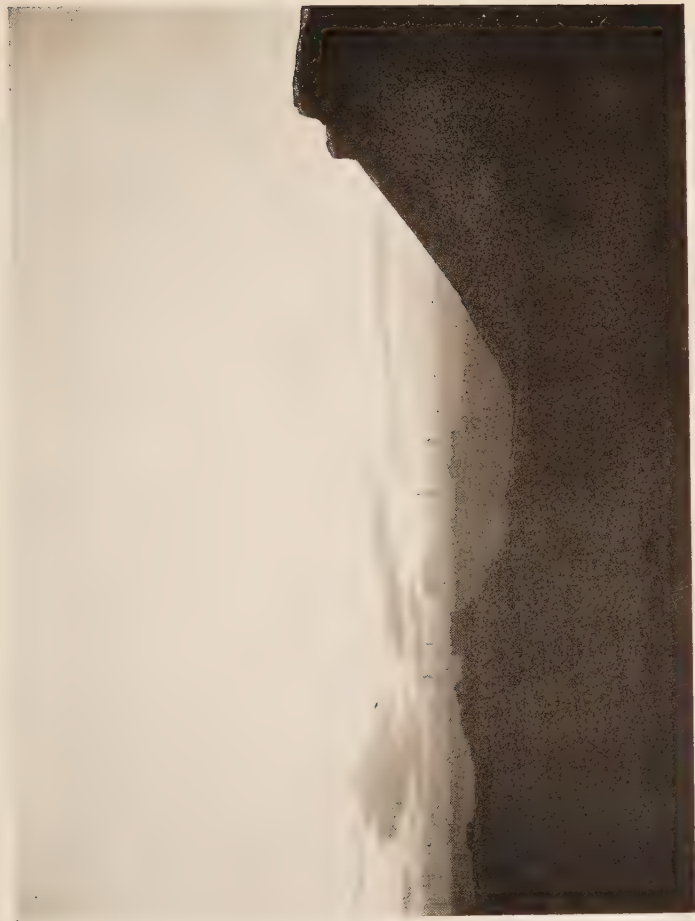
These underground rooms and passages belonged to the actual palace or tower of David II. (1329-1370). But to see them you have to descend on ladders or very rough steps to a depth of fifty-seven feet. Then, in the shadowy underworld, by the aid of lamp-light and electric bulbs, these old fourteenth-century chambers gradually emerge. At this point is a bit of the original city wall. Here also is the doorway, with its pointed head, which gave the only access to the Castle—a brave little gateway, with three checks, indicating that two doors opened outwards and one inwards. As we stand beneath the apex of the lintels, the ghosts of history flit past us, as Kings of Scots, with their nobles and soldier men pass in and out of the Castle. If it were permitted to spend a night alone down there, one might hear weird groans from the prisoners' quarters, and loud laughter from the hall of feasting. The eyes of a sentimental Scot might also see the gallant ghosts go hurrying by, and feel a draught of cold air on the cheek as they passed.

Standing now in a vaulted recess of the great wall, one can look through an oval-shaped loophole,

which is carefully aligned to point directly down the High Street. Yet the building of the Half-Moon Battery had entirely covered up this ancient loophole, and the outer facing of that part of the battery wall had to be removed to expose permanently to view this very interesting relic. So, hidden history has now been revealed, and to-day you may gaze on the City of Edinburgh through the loophole from the very heart of this long buried Tower of David.

It takes but a few minutes to climb up to the sunshine again. Crossing the old Palace Square to the west end of the Parliament Hall, we now descend the stair which leads to the later vaults and dungeons where, from 1756 to the beginning of the nineteenth century, many of the French prisoners were confined.

Robert Louis Stevenson has recaptured in "St Ives" something of the romance and tragedy which hang like a mist about these dark caverns. He must have visited them all, walking this battlement path, leaning perhaps on the stone parapet, and gazing on the glorious view towards his favourite Pentland Hills. He must also have sauntered in the little courtyard which was the only exercise ground of these homesick sons of France. Here are the ovens where they baked their bread. Stout chains still hang by the doors. Tremendous gratings and bars give the place an uncanny look. The very names which the French exiles carved on the stone walls can still be read near the door; one of them is *Charles d'Jobier de Calaise*, 1780. This rock-floored vault opening off the parapet walk, is the dungeon where the great Marquis of Argyle lay for



EDINBURGH AT SUNSET



months, before his execution. The whole suite of dungeons calls up sorrows of the past, and our thoughts naturally keep turning to that gallant but sick-souled gentleman, Monsieur le Vicomte Anne de Keroual de Saint-Yves, otherwise the common prisoner who was called Champdivers.

In those days at certain hours the prison of this mediæval fortress was visited by the townfolks, who were curious to see the hapless captives and to buy some souvenir of their rude handiwork. I have beside me now a poor little wooden needle-case ornamented with beads, which one of those French prisoners made in that unhappy era when our great-grandfathers lived in daily terror of Bonaparte and his threatened invasion. There was another colony of French prisoners out yonder at Burdiehouse—the clachan which the Frenchmen called after their own home of Bordeaux soon became “Burdie” with the douce lads of Lothian, although to this day you will find the word *Bordeaux* cut on the stone face of a house at Burdiehouse.

On one of those red-letter visiting days St Ives first saw La Belle Flora from Swanston, and ever after that, he used to gaze with hungry eyes from the battlement walk towards Swanston Cottage, tucked away in a snug fold of the Pentlands—the home of this little lady of his dreams. Surely only the long-sighted eyes of love could see the smoke of the Swanston chimney from the Castle!

It is useless to-day to look for the shed where the famous duel with the pair of scissor blades took place. But it is easy in fancy to see that desperate

fight between the punctilious Vicomte and that pothouse *soldat* Phillipe Goguelat, who had chosen to speak in a light way of La Belle Flora.

"I am a gentleman," said M. le Vicomte, "and I cannot bear to soil my fingers with such a lump of dirt . . . but . . . I promise you, Goguelat, you shall be dead to-night."

They had no weapons. But a pair of scissors and two tough wands were found. The scissors were unscrewed and each blade was lashed securely to a wand. The assailants were stripped to the shoes to avoid blood-stained clothing. The evening fell cloudy. The chill of night enveloped their bodies like a wet sheet. In the blackness of the shed the two men took up their positions.

"Allez!" said the Sergeant-Major.

Both lunged at the same time. M. le Vicomte felt a hot sting on the shoulder, while his own blade plunged below the girdle of Goguelat into a mortal spot.

Forty prisoners were confined in each vault. One night forty-nine escaped by cutting a hole at the foot of the parapet and lowering themselves by a rope to the ground; one fell and was killed; the others were captured. Doubtless on this incident Stevenson founded his story.

Here, on the battlement walk, is a stone shoot through which we can imagine St Ives and his slender French companions escaping on a night of sea fog, when the haar enveloped the Castle like a shroud. After dangling on his rope like a jumping-jack, he let go his hold and landed on his feet, astonished and mightily relieved. In the wet airs



of the May night he scented the wild wallflower growing on the rock.

But St Ives and his fellow-prisoners were not the only ones to be lowered over the Castle Rock in a sea fog. Many years before St Ives escaped, a dead Queen was lowered over that ugly cliff. The body of Queen Margaret was secretly taken down the western side of the Castle Rock one foggy night in 1093 by her faithful friends. That incident might serve to show us that the Scots must have resented the Saxon influence of this wonderful woman; for immediately she died, Donald Bane, the dead King's younger brother, besieged the Castle; and Margaret's friends, in their anxiety to fulfil her last wish, bore her body most perilously down the Rock, and so to Queensferry and across the Forth to her own church of the Holy Trinity at Dunfermline. "Some, indeed, tell us," adds Fordun in his chronicle, "that during the whole of that journey a cloudy mist was round about all this family, and miraculously sheltered them from the gaze of any of their foes."

All these things come to mind as we stand and gaze over the parapet on the storied city of our hearts, with its wondrous horizons of history and hills.

When we reach the Palace Square again, the eye does not seek the new war shrine so much as a little oblong stone in the ancient wall above a certain door, easy to find if you know where to look for it. If the story is a true one, there is behind that stone a coffin containing the remains of an infant prince of Scotland. King James VI., the wisest fool in Christendom, was never quite satisfied about

his own legitimacy. Be that as it may, the story has it that Queen Mary's infant (the real James VI.) died, and, quite unknown to the Queen, the infant son of one of her ladies of the bedchamber—Lady Reres—was substituted for the Royal babe. And we know it as an historical fact that Lady Reres nursed the little King. If this be true, then Mary Queen of Scots was the last of the Stuarts. This fact, however, remains—that in 1830 a fire took place in the Royal apartments, and a tiny coffin, containing the remains of a child, was found built into the wall. The body had been wrapped in a shroud of silk and cloth of gold embroidered with initials, one of which was "I." But this may have been a holy vestment with the letters "I.H.S." upon it. The coffin was restored to the recess, and the wall was once more built up. It is a long story and the least said about it the better. A wise man without evidence neither affirms nor denies.

After all our colloques with these ghosts of the past, it is very pleasant to step into Queen Margaret's Chapel, which is the oldest building standing in Edinburgh to-day. No Queen did more than Queen Margaret to remodel the old Celtic Church in this land of her adoption. She persuaded her husband, Malcolm Canmore, to make the Castle of Edinburgh his chief residence; so from the reign of Malcolm and Margaret the Castle became for the first time really historic. Under the Queen's influence there was a renaissance of culture in Scotland. Gold and silver vessels began to appear on the King's table, and this Royal mother set an example to her children and to her country. Here

in this tiny chapel she would offer her prayers. So we stand to-day with reverent memories in this old Norman building, while the sunshine streams through the little stained-glass windows and lays the pavement in a mosaic of mystic reds and greens and blues.

## XXI

### CRAMOND AND BARNBOUGLE

NOWHERE does the spring come or the year die with greater beauty than at Cramond, that fairy creek on the Forth, with its picturesque huddle of houses, just within the new city boundary of Edinburgh.

To experience the surprise of Cramond, we must approach it by the shore-road from Granton. Coming along this path, the Forth, on a lown November day, at low tide can give us beauty to remember. Long level swathes of blue-grey mist : islands floating on the dim horizon, the shores of Fife beyond : restless sea-anger mellowed into a monotone of peace by the magic of distance. An autumn symphony in low, quiet tones. All along this shore the heights are well-wooded, and one mansion after another looks seaward through the trees, until we come to Cramond House itself. Indeed, this little bit of home country is dotted over with historic seats, each of which brings to mind families that have helped to make Scots history—Loch of Drylaw, Law of Lauriston, Howieson of Braehead, Elphinstone of Barnton, Inglis of Cramond, and Morton of Cammo.

Muirhouse, standing up there in the trees above the shore, was an old royal hunting box of the Scots kings. The barony was granted by Robert Bruce

to Sir William Oliphant of Aberdalgie. In the year 1776 it was bought by a successful Scots merchant, William Davidson, who made a fortune in Holland. When he died he bequeathed it to his nephew, the Rev. Thomas Randall, D.D., of the Tolbooth Kirk, who took the name of Davidson, and his descendant sits in Canterbury to-day.

Over the sea-wall at Nether Cramond you will see an old tower—the only remaining fragment of the summer palace of the Bishops of Dunkeld, and once a portion of the castle which stood near the old Roman Camp of Caer-almond. For there was here an important Roman military station, where three famous roads terminated—one leading westward to the Antonine Wall at Carriden, another going south, across the Borders by Watling Street, and a third going eastward to Inveresk. The well near-by may have been that of the Roman Camp.

The original church of Cramond was dedicated to St Columba, and the Bishops' palace was founded in the twelfth century when David I. granted the lands to the Bishopric of Dunkeld. For many years this was the chief Episcopal residence south of the Forth, and here Gawin Douglas penned some of his epistles. So it was called Bishops Cramond to distinguish it from Kings Cramond or Cramond Regis, which stood near the site of the modern house of Barnton.

An old, ancient place is Cramond. Step up the hill and in the kirkyard you may sit and remember in the silence that you are within the site of the Roman Camp, where three Roman altars and many coins have been found. How few wanderers along

this shore realise that in Cramond House, just over the sea-wall, the great Polish musician Chopin was at one time the guest of Lady Torphichen? Here he wandered in the woods, weaving melodious dreams. Here he must often have regarded the ancient sundial with its thirty-three gnomons, and sometimes he would lift his eyes to the islands. In this house did he play his nocturnes in the summer gloamings? these perfect tone-poems which are so like this same sea-sorrow, quiet and haunting, yet relieved continually by ripples of joy. I can see a great bowl of roses in the low-ceiled room where he played. The moonlight steals in at the open window and falls on the crimson blooms, until they flame with a strange unearthly light.

Chopin, the Shelley of music, is he not immortalised in these words:—

Ah, remember how  
 Poor Heine here in Paris leant  
 Watching me play at the fall of day,  
 And following where the music went  
 Till that old cloud upon his brow  
 Was almost smoothed away.

“Do roses in the moonlight flame  
 Like this and this?” he said and smiled,  
 Then bent and hearkened till the dark  
 Swelled with the silent sob a child  
 Might utter o’er some dead friend’s name.

“Do roses in the moonlight glow  
 Like this and this?”

ALFRED NOYES.

The old House of Cramond—Chopin playing in the



dimly lit room, and a bowl of red roses in the moonlight. It all comes before us as we sit alone by the old sea-wall and dream !

To get the real glamour of Cramond, there must be no trippers about, and you must stand solitary at the Cobble Ferry, whistling for the drowsy ferryman to come down the wooden steps and take you across to the further shore. While you stand waiting you can sweep in all the wonders of Cramond with the eye ; the island far out on the edge of the tide ; the picturesque tumble of grey-white houses behind you, all thrown down in a heartsome muddle by that old architect, Time. The Almond River's sluggish estuary has the remains of a wooden jetty where of old the little sloops discharged their iron ore for the smelting works up the stream, works linked with the name of Cadell.

Stepping now into the old boat, we stand looking about us while the ferryman sculls us across. The passage of the ferry is free to all who would cross to Dalmeny and continue the walk to Queensferry. But for those who would walk up the waterside there are many ancient things to discover : there is Peggy's Mill ; the old Brig of Cramond, where Jock Howieson met King James V. disguised as the Guid Man o' Ballengeich, and rescued him from some wandering gypsies who had attacked him. The path through the beautiful woods of Craigiehall will take you further up the stream to the Grotto Bridge. This part of the river is steeped in legendry and historic lore.

We are reminded of the Act of Parliament of the year 1662, part of which runs thus : " That the

Bridge of Crawmond wes by publict order built for the better passage of travellers betwixt Queinsferrie and Leith and Edinburgh yet notwithstanding thei of diverse persons haveing occasion to travell that way doe not make use therof But come in a privat way by the seaside which (being only at first for the private use of the Lairds of Barnbougall the petitioners authors) leads directly in by the gate of the petitioners house of Barnbougall whereby he is prejudged by the destroying and cutting of his planting and breaking of this closures and trees Lykas this gate is no publict hie way . . . and it were hard that they should be tollerat to come so neir his gates and destroy his enclosures . . . Humbly therefor desireing order may be given for stoping that passage and that the passangers may either go to the bridge in the ordinar hie way or other wayes some other way may be found out for them." So the Act runs on and on—but the way that was found out was the ferry. To-day the ferry is kept open by Lord Rosebery. No charge is made. Bundles or bags may not be carried across ; no one may cross from the village to Dalmeny after 6 p.m., but any one may cross at a later hour from Dalmeny to Cramond. So the bye-laws run.

On the Dalmeny side, the path along the shore through the woods past Dalmeny House and Barnbogle Castle to Queensferry is one of the finest walks near Edinburgh.

A few hundred yards from the ferry will bring you to the Hunter's Craig, or Eagle Rock—a craggy stone crowned with turf and whin standing on the sandy shore. Incised on the rock face is a

remarkable carving of an eagle. This is said to be a relic of Roman times. The interesting sculpturing, which has been done at great labour, is now covered with a fine-mesh iron cage to prevent destruction.

The path continues round a headland—the Snab-point—which brings us in full view of the great bay with the Drum Sands lying yellow and glistening in the afternoon sun. Dalmeny House stands there on its green lawns among the trees, and Barnboug Castle crowns the further point. Surely no bay of such remote beauty lies so near the bounds of the city! Here at the head of the sands is Long Green, a row of cottages with their backs to the sea and their sunny garden fronts to the woodlands. How green is the old turf and how merrily sings the Cockle Burn under the little bridge on its way to the sea! The little estuary is a sanctuary for sea-birds in winter: the sands beyond the young fir-wood are rich with thousands of many-coloured shells. In spring and summer the woods are carpeted with flowers and in mid-winter the walk is beautiful. Barnboug on the point draws us irresistibly by its romantic situation and history.

The Moubrays who owned it came over with William the Conqueror in 1066 and were of pure Norman descent. Philip de Moubray was Lord of Barnboug, Dalmenie, and Inverkeithing in the reign of Alexander II., and he died in the year 1221. The last of this ancient line died out with Sir Robert Moubray, who sold the property in 1615 to Sir Thomas Hamilton, Lord Advocate, afterwards created Earl of Haddington. This earl's

grandson sold the estate to Sir Archibald Primrose, who was created Earl of Rosebery and Lord Dalmenie in 1703, and to this family the lands still belong. A former Primrose pulled down (for family reasons) the original building and was nearly successful in razing it to the ground. An appeal was made on behalf of the Forth fisher-folk and the sailors, to leave the remaining walls standing as a guide to navigators on the Forth. This original part was built into the north wall and carefully preserved by Lord Rosebery when he restored the Castle in 1880. No one is allowed within the rails of the policy which now surrounds Barnbogle.

The name Barnbogle is variously explained. In a little old book on the district written about seventy years ago there is a legend worth repeating. The writer suggests that Barnbogle means the Baron's Bugle, and the tale is as follows :—

In the time of the Crusades there lived here a lonely man named Sir Roger. He left these lands for Palestine, where, as a red-cross knight, he fought against the foes of Christ. Before leaving he kept vigil in the Church of St Adamnan at Dalmenie and kissed his crozier-hilted sword as he prayed for the good of the Brotherhood. He then went down to the point to board his little ship when lo! his favourite hound appeared and wailed so dismally, looking pitifully the while up to his master's face, that Sir Roger was constrained to take the hound with him. So the knight and his dog together sailed for Syria. For years Sir Roger fought as a Crusader. One dark night in the old tower by the Forth, the sound of a bugle rang through the





THE PILGRIM STONE



keep, and out on the point where Sir Roger had embarked a death-wail arose on the winds as a ghostly hound bayed. It was Sir Roger's weird, for at that moment, he lay dead on the battle-field with his faithful brach beside him !

And ever when Barnbougles's lords  
Are parting this scene below,  
Come hound and ghost to that haunted coast,  
With death notes winding slow.

Here, at least, we have a meaning for Hound Point, further along the shore, the crusading baron, the ghostly bugle, and the whole legend of Barnbougles Castle. So with the sound of a phantom bugle in our ears we continue our way westwards, past the Wishing Well and the fisherman's lonely cottage and eventually reach The Hawes Inn at Queensferry.

One more rare sight ere we return to town. Step up the Hawes Brae for a mile and we come to a point where the road cuts through the high ground. On the right hand side there is an old quarry hole or stone depot. Climb up the steep bank and right above the depot we will come on the Pilgrim's Stone—a large square double-stepped foundation with a deep square hole in the topmost platform. This hole is filled in now with a loose upright stone, but centuries ago a great Cross or Calvary must have stood here, for at this point, the pilgrims coming north to the shrine at Dunfermline caught their first glimpse of that holy fane of Saint Margaret, who made her Queen's Ferry free to all pilgrims. The trees obscure the view to-day, but as we stand and gaze northward,

the centuries vanish and we are chanting a Benedictus with many a travel-stained monk in whose eyes there is the rapt look of one who at last sees, though still far off, the end of his quest and would go over and worship.

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## GLOSSARY

*Appleringie*, southernwood  
*Aught*, possessed. *Whase aught*  
*this hoose*? Who owns this  
house  
*Auld-farrant*, sagacious, shrewd

*Bein*, well-to-do  
*Bield*, shelter  
*Bigging*, building  
*Bing*, heap; *blaes bing*, waste-  
heap at colliery, etc.  
*Birk*, birch-tree  
*Bittock*, a little bit  
*Bocht*, bought  
*Bogie*, bogey, goblin  
*Bools*, marbles  
*Brach*, sport dog  
*Brock*, badger  
*Bucht*, sheep-fold  
*Buirdly*, large, well-made  
*But and ben*, house of two rooms

*Caller*, fresh  
*Cantrip*, freakish behaviour  
*Chap*, knock at the door  
*Chittering*, shivering  
*Claes*, clothes  
*Clanjamfrey*, company, mob, gang  
*Clarty*, dirty, muddy  
*Cleuch*, small glen or hollow with  
steep banks  
*Cloor*, blow or knock  
*Cloot*, cloth  
*Collogue*, confidential talk  
*Coup-cart*, trouser-seat  
*Couthie*, kindly, comfortable

*Divot*, thin oblong turf  
*Doer*, estate manager  
*Dooms*, very, absolutely  
*Douce*, sober, modest

*Dour*, obstinate, hardy  
*Dowie*, sad, dreary  
*Dreich*, wearisome  
*Duds*, clothes  
*Dwam*, swoon, dream

*Ettling*, aspiring, proposing  
*Ferlie*, a wonder  
*Flukie*, small flounder  
*Forment*, opposite to  
*Freit*, superstitious notion

*Gangrel*, vagrant  
*Gentrice*, well-born  
*Gey*, worthy of notice  
*Girning*, snarling  
*Gurly*, stormy, bleak

*Haar*, fog  
*Happit*, covered from the cold  
*Haud*, hold  
*Heicht*, height  
*Hinmost*, last  
*Hirsel*, flock  
*Holm*, *houm*, rich flat ground be-  
side a river  
*Hoolet*, owl  
*Horse-couper*, horse-dealer  
*Hottering*, boiling slowly  
*Howe*, used both for a small hill  
and a hollow  
*Howf*, haunt

*Ilka*, each, every

*Jeddart*, *Jedworth*, Jedburgh  
*Jick*, jink

*Kail*, broth  
*Knowe*, little hill  
*Kye*, cows

*Laigh*, low  
*Lallan*, lowland  
*Lampin'*, taking long steps or bounds  
*Lintie*, linnet  
*Lown*, calm  
*Lum*, chimney

*Marl*, twisted colours  
*Moul*, mould  
*Muckle*, much

*Namely*, famous  
*Nickle*, knuckle; *nickle deid*—in playing marbles—have the knuckles dead on the ground  
*Norie*, whim

*On-ding*, downpour  
*Orraman*, man employed to do odd jobs  
*Ower*, over, across  
*Owercome*, refrain of a song  
*Oxee*, tit-mouse

*Pawkie*, sly, shrewd  
*Pech*, breathe hard, pant  
*Piece*, piece of bread  
*Ploy*, employment, frolic  
*Plunk*, propel marble with thumb; *plunk them fu'*, play strong  
*Pock*, bag

*Rax*, rack  
*Reek*, smoke  
*Reiver*, robber  
*Rigmarole*, long-winded story  
*Rowth*, plenty

*Sair Sanct*, costly or extravagant saint

*Serk*, shirt  
*Siccar*, secure, certain  
*Sib*, related to  
*Skew*, gable slope  
*Sklent*, slant  
*Skliddery*, difficult to climb because of small stones  
*Sklim*, climb  
*Skrunt*, scrubby trees or bushes  
*Smoor*, smother  
*Snell*, keen, severe  
*Soondin'*, noise of galloping horse

*Sough*, sigh, rumour  
*Spiel*, climb  
*Stey*, difficult, steep  
*Stound*, ache  
*Strae*, straw  
*Stravaig*, wander  
*Streikit*, stretched, laid out  
*Stunk*, stake in game of marbles  
*Swither*, hesitate

*Taigle*, hinder  
*Tearlach Og*, young Charlie (Gaelic)  
*Theekin'*, thatch  
*Thirl*, to thrall, enslave  
*Thrum*, loose thread  
*Troke*, bargain, business  
*Tousy*, disordered  
*Tulzie*, fight, scrap

*Unco*, unusual, very  
*U.P.*, United Presbyterian

*Weird*, prediction of death  
*Whaup*, curlew

*Yearthen*, earthen  
*Yett*, gate  
*Yowes*, sheep

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